'SO THIS IS ONE OF THE TANKS THE ITALIANS LEFT BEHIND THEM!'

After months of routine training and a weary period of waiting, units of the Australian Imperial Force have gone into action against the Italians in Libya with all the enthusiasm shown by the Anzacs of the previous generation. In the great pursuit across the sandy wastes of the Western Desert vast quantities of guns, tanks, stores and equipment were captured from the defeated Italian army, and above a couple of Australian soldiers are making a thorough examination of one of the many abandoned Italian tanks.

Photo, Australian Official: Crown Copyright

Bardia Was Another Glorious Victory

After Sidi Barrani and Sollum, the fall of Bardia. It was a bitter cup for Mussolini, and all the more bitter because this stronghold of Italian power in North Africa was stormed by the soldiers of one of the most democratic of those democracies at which the Duce has so often gibed.

BLASTED from the air, bombarded from the sea, and shelled from the land, Bardia surrendered on the afternoon of January 4.

The town had been completely surrounded by the Imperial Army of the Nile since December 20, and every day that passed the iron ring about it grew tighter as Wavell brought up more troops and guns, tanks and 'planes. The first wave of the assault was delivered by the R.A.F. on the night of Wednesday, January 1, when they bombarded the place throughout the night. The Italians expected—as they were intended to expect—that the attack would follow at dawn, and when dawn came but no attack, they breathed again. The next night there was another terrific bombardment, described by those who witnessed it as the heaviest yet seen in the Middle East. For hours the British bombers roared above the town, dropping tons of bombs at every flight, while artillery from their emplacements out in the desert kept up a continuous fire. The garrison were not unduly perturbed ; as the attack had not followed the bombardment of Wednesday night, they argued that neither would it follow the bombardment of Thursday. There, however, they were mistaken, for at dawn on Friday, January 3, the British land forces moved to the assault, while from the air and sea 'planes and ships joined in delivering a terrific onslaught.

MAJ.-GEN. IVEN G. MACKAY, who commanded the Australian forces in their attack on Bardia. Soon after the outbreak of war he was appointed to command the 6th Div. 2nd A.I.F. *Photo, Sport & General*

BARDIA, captured by the British on Jan. 5, 1941, is shown on this sketch map with its fortified ring of defence works, 15 miles in extent. The outer defences of the port were pierced by the Australians on Jan. 3, and detachments of the same troops, supported by tanks, delivered their final attack two days later. *By courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"*

Particularly powerful was the bombardment of Graziani's fortress by the Royal Navy. Battleships supported by a screen of destroyers defied the fire of the shore batteries and hurled 300 tons of shells into Bardia in the course of one 90 minutes' bombardment, and another terrific bombardment was launched at 5.30 a.m. on Friday—zero hour—when the ships at sea saw star shells burst in the sky above the Australians' position—the signal that the Aussies were there and were keeping their appointment to the minute. For hours the ships, great and small, pounded away at the Italian defences, and the whole coastline was covered in clouds of smoke and dust.

The troops chosen for the attack were the Australians. First to go over were the sappers, who cut the wire in front of the Italian first line. Then they wormed their way forward under heavy enemy fire and succeeded at several points in bridging the wide ditch which surrounded the defence perimeter ; they also located and touched off a whole string of land mines and blew up tank traps or filled them with earth.

These daring operations opened the door for the advance of the Australian infantry and the British tanks—a famous regiment of Hussars. At zero hour — 5.30 a.m.— the tanks raced forward through the gaps made in the western side of the perimeter, and fought their way straight forward to the east along a deep ravine named Wadi el Gerfan. Close behind them—" We'd go with your tanks anywhere," they said later—came the Australians, with bayonets fixed, shouting their war cries and absolutely thirsting for battle.

Once through the gap the Australians and the tanks swiftly cleaned up the strong points and machine-gun nests opposing them and then wheeled sharply to the right. Here they had before them a long stretch of high ground unbroken by ravines and offering a good terrain for tank manoeuvres.

With guns blazing they swept on southwards so that they took Bardia's south-westerly and southern defences from the rear. All the gun emplacements were facing directly away from them, and the pill-boxes and machine-gun nests were similarly built only for firing outwards against an enemy making a frontal attack. Now, to the Italians' consternation, the Australians were attacking not from the front but from the rear, and position after position was turned with scarcely a fight. Bardia's defences, to whose making had gone four years' labour by men who are generally regarded as amongst the world's finest military engineers, crumbled like a pack of cards as the British tanks crushed beneath them what the artillery barrage had left of the concrete pill-boxes, the thick ring of trenches, and the dragon's teeth of barbed wire and mines.

The Italians, haggard and dazed by the gun fire, poured out from the defence works with their hands raised in surrender ; within a few hours 5,000 prisoners had been taken and were staggering away across the battlefield to the places of concentration. Meanwhile, there was no stopping the Australians. Led by Major-General Mackay—himself a veteran of Gallipoli—they fought as their fathers fought before them on Gallipoli's stricken beaches and mountain slopes, on the muddy and bloody hillsides of the Somme.

We may follow the battle's progress in a series of communiqués. The first, issued on the night of January 3, merely stated that " Just before dawn this morning Australian forces supported by tanks penetrated a sector

GENERAL BERGANZOLI, who commanded the Italian forces at Bardia, was taken prisoner, together with another Corps Commander and four senior generals. *Photo, E.N.A.*

Italy's Tanks Were No Match for Our 'Cavalry'

BRITISH MECHANIZED FORCES played a great part in the battles of the Western Desert and proved themselves vastly superior to those of the enemy, whose tanks—as the upper photograph, taken after the capture of Nibeiwa, shows—were left abandoned though often intact all over the vast battlefield. The striking photograph above shows Australian troops in Bren gun carriers moving forward in formation in desert manoeuvres. Like ships of the desert they ride over the undulating sand dunes, following close upon the clearly defined tracks of other armoured units.

Photos, Australian Official: Crown Copyright

Navy, Army and Air Force Triumphed Together

Perfect coordination of the three arms, the Navy, the Army, and the R.A.F. brought about the sweeping victories of Britain in Egypt and Libya. Above are some of the victors.

of the defences of Bardia. Operations are continuing." On Saturday, Cairo gave out that by "Friday evening our troops had penetrated the centre defences of Bardia to a depth of two miles on a frontage of nine miles. The attack was carried out with great dash by Australians, whose casualties have been comparatively light." And a little later came the news that over 8,000 prisoners had already been taken. Then on Sunday evening there came a communiqué which read: "Before nightfall on Saturday Italian troops occupying the whole of the northern sector of the defences of Bardia were forced to surrender. Our patrols have penetrated into Bardia itself, and enemy resistance is now confined to a restricted area in the south-east zone of the perimeter defences. More than 15,000 prisoners have now been captured, and operations to mop up remaining centres of resistance are continuing satisfactorily."

The town of Bardia fell at dusk on Saturday, when an Australian officer hauled down the Italian flag from Government House and raised instead the Union Jack. The final attack was a matter of a few minutes. The Australians, still full of fight after two days of fierce battle, made the assault, supported by British tanks.

As they lay amongst the rocks waiting the final word to charge, they were in the highest spirits. "Boy, what do you think of us now?" they asked, and "What time do the "pubs" shut in Bardia tonight? We mean to get there this evening." And get there they did—though whether they found any "pubs" open may be doubted—for by now the Italians had had more than enough, and with the exception of some of the artillery who continued to fire until the Australians attacked them with the bayonet, resistance was weak. There was one case of a batch of 2,000 who took refuge in a cave and

Maj.-Gen. Beresford-Peirse, D.S.O., seen above with two of his officers, commanded the Indian Division which took part in the attack on Sidi Barrani. Prior to the war he was in India.

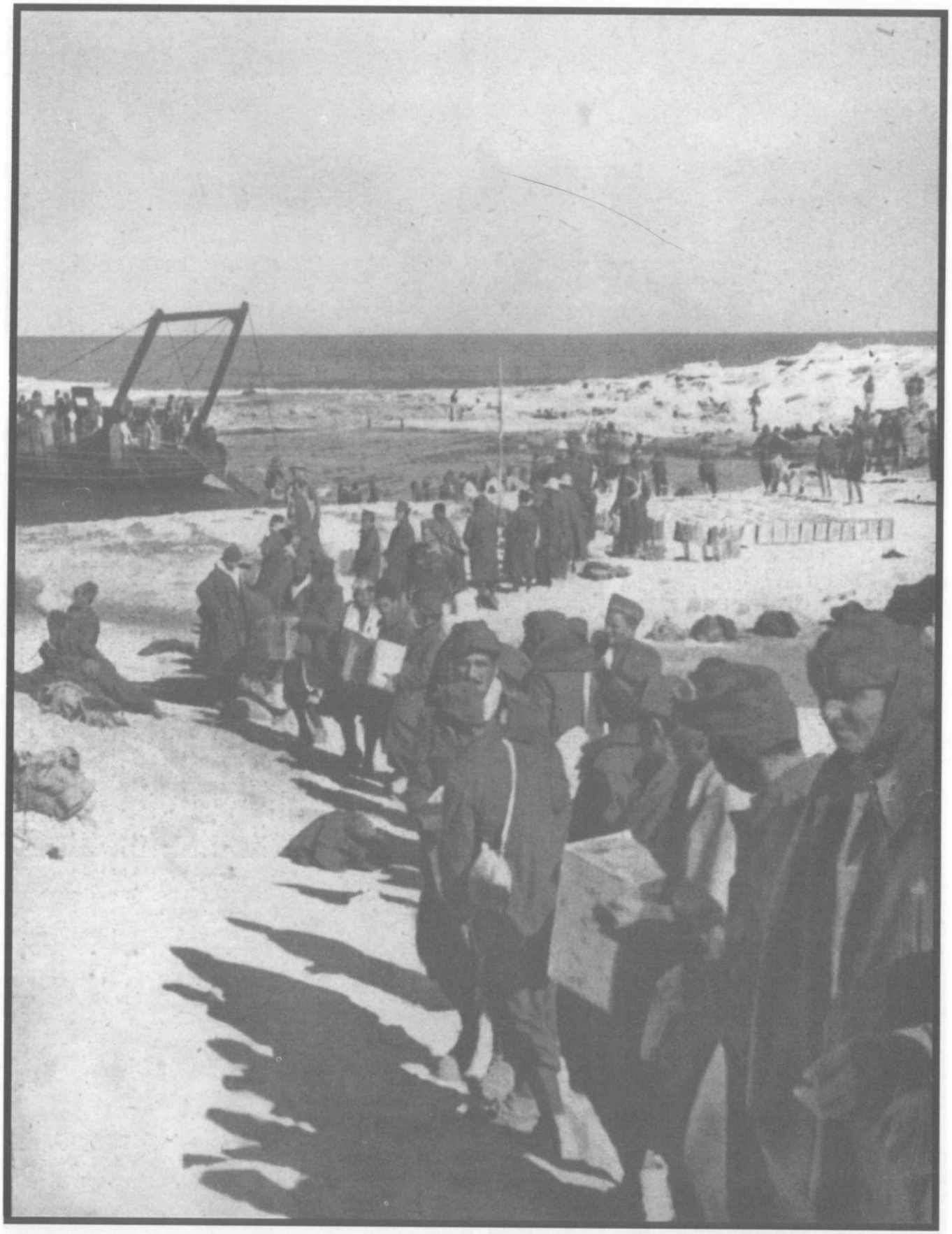
surrendered at the order of an Australian officer, backed by eight men, to "Come on out!"

With the fall of Bardia resistance was practically at an end; only in the ravines south of the town were Italian guns still firing. But throughout the night the Australians mopped up relentlessly, and on Sunday morning the last pockets of Italian resistance were subdued. Then late at night that same day a special communiqué was issued in Cairo. "All resistance at Bardia ceased at 13.30 hours today. The town, with total forces defending it and all stores and equipment, is now in our hands. General Berganzoli, commanding the Italian forces at Bardia, another corps commander, and four senior generals are prisoners of war. It is not yet possible to make a full count, but prisoners so far captured exceed 25,000. Among other booty captured or destroyed are 45 light and five medium tanks."

Report had it that Graziani had urged Bardia's evacuation, but had been overruled by Mussolini. If so, then on the Duce's head lay the blood of those who died in Bardia's defence.

BRITISH SOLDIERS show an almost quixotic generosity to prisoners. To the Italian soldiers who were captured during General Wavell's sweep towards Bardia a cigarette was their great need, and the outstretched hands of the prisoners as a soldier distributes his stock bear witness to the straits to which Graziani's men were reduced. *Photos, Australian & British Official: Crown Copyright*

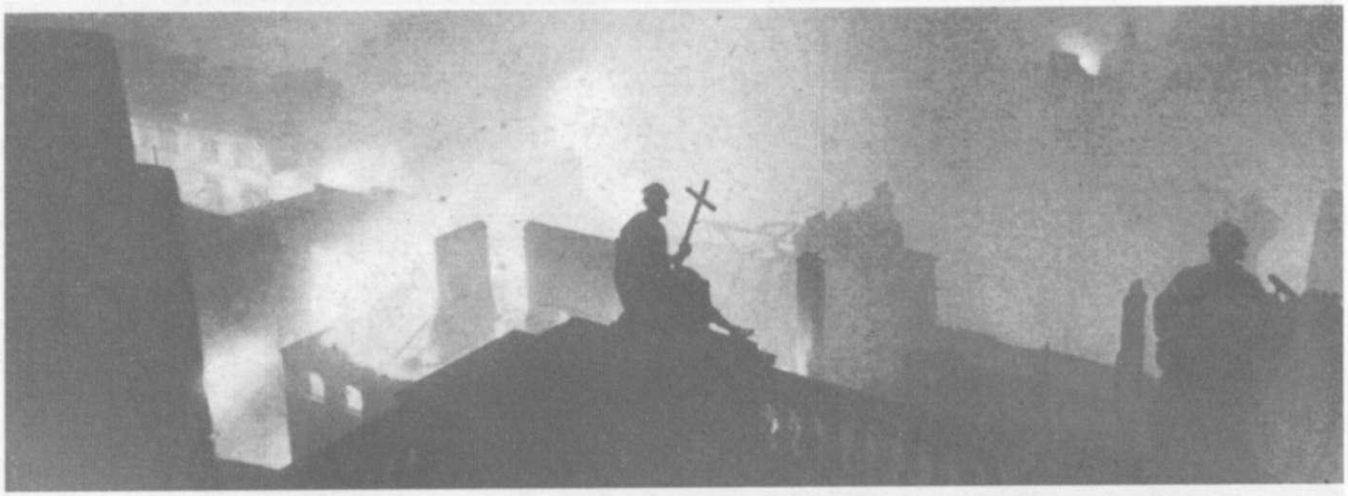
Graziani's Men were not Sorry to be Prisoners



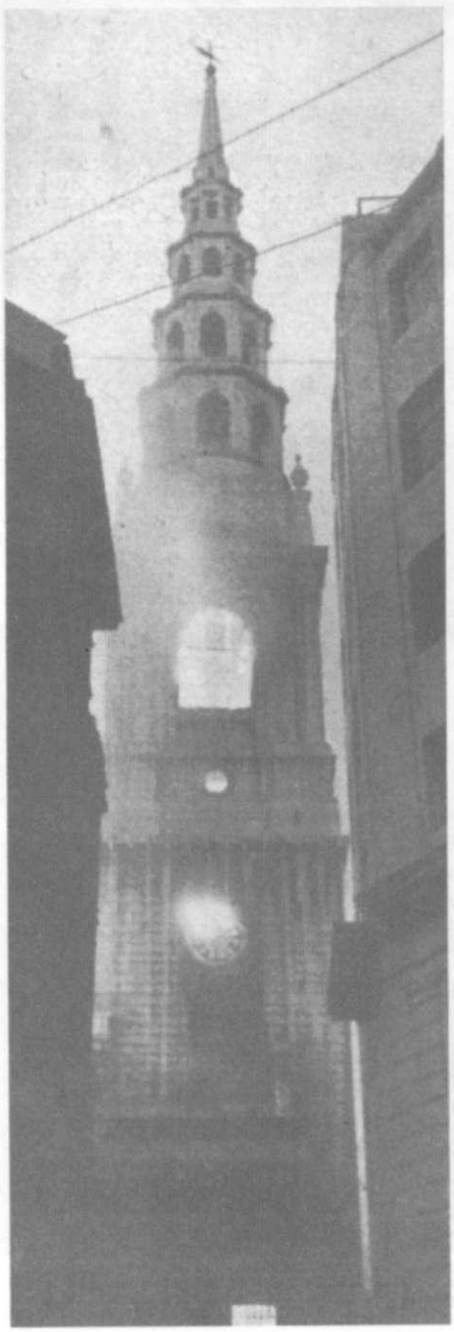
IN THE WESTERN DESERT the Italians captured by the British during the rapid advance which marked the close of 1940 were so resigned to their fate that, although only one sentry could be spared for each 500 prisoners, none tried to escape. By December 24, 1940 the prisoners evacuated following the capture of Sidi Barrani totalled 35,900, and the capture of Bardia led to an equally large haul. These prisoners, awaiting transportation, are assisting in the unloading of a store ship.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

A New City Will Start like a Phoenix



St. Paul's was ringed by flames after the "arson raid" on the night of Sunday, December 29, 1940, and this scene, photographed from the roof of the Cathedral when the fires were at their height, shows that it was only by a miracle that the City's proudest building escaped unscathed.



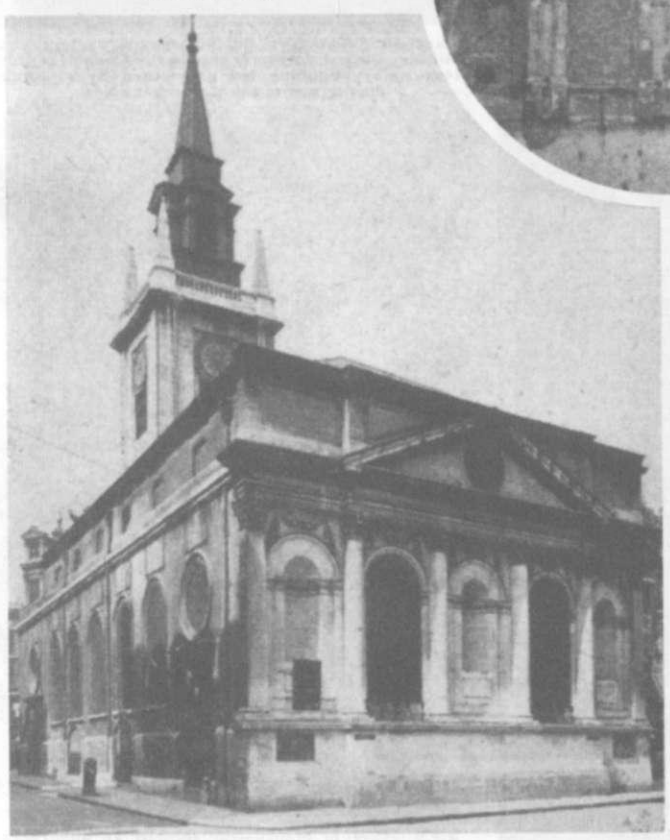
Above is the scene in Addle Street, connecting Wood Street and Aldermanbury, photographed the day after London's great fire. Left, is the lovely steeple of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, which was still burning when daylight came. "Some of our losses are irreparable," said the Lord Mayor, Sir George Wilkinson, but "a new City will start like a Phoenix from the ashes of the desolated streets."

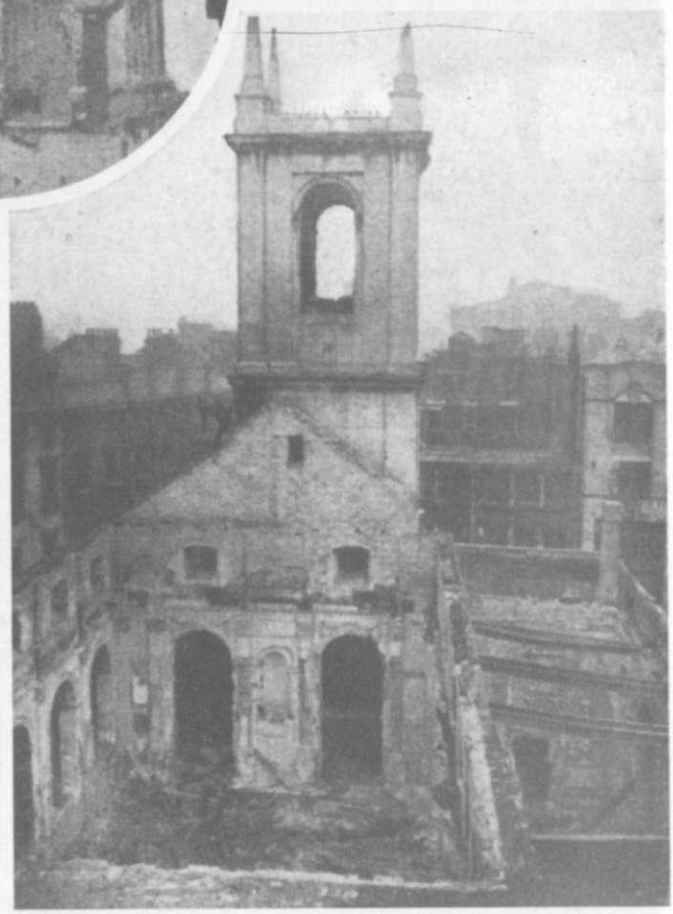
Photos, "Daily Mirror" and Wide World

From the Ashes of the Desolated Streets

Fore Street, in the heart of the devastated area of the City of London, is seen above as it was until the fearful night of December 29, 1940, while top right is the street next day.

The Halls of the Great City Companies also suffered severely; those of the Girdlers' Coopers', Saddlers' and Haberdashers' Companies were practically destroyed. Left, the ruins of the last-named.

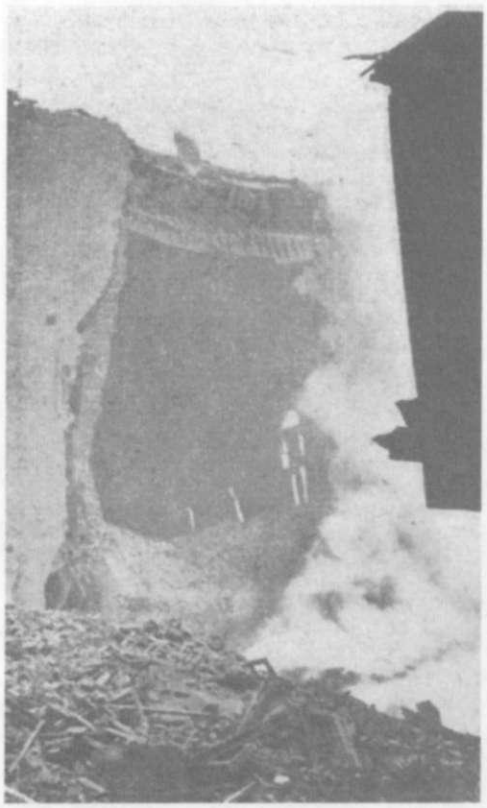




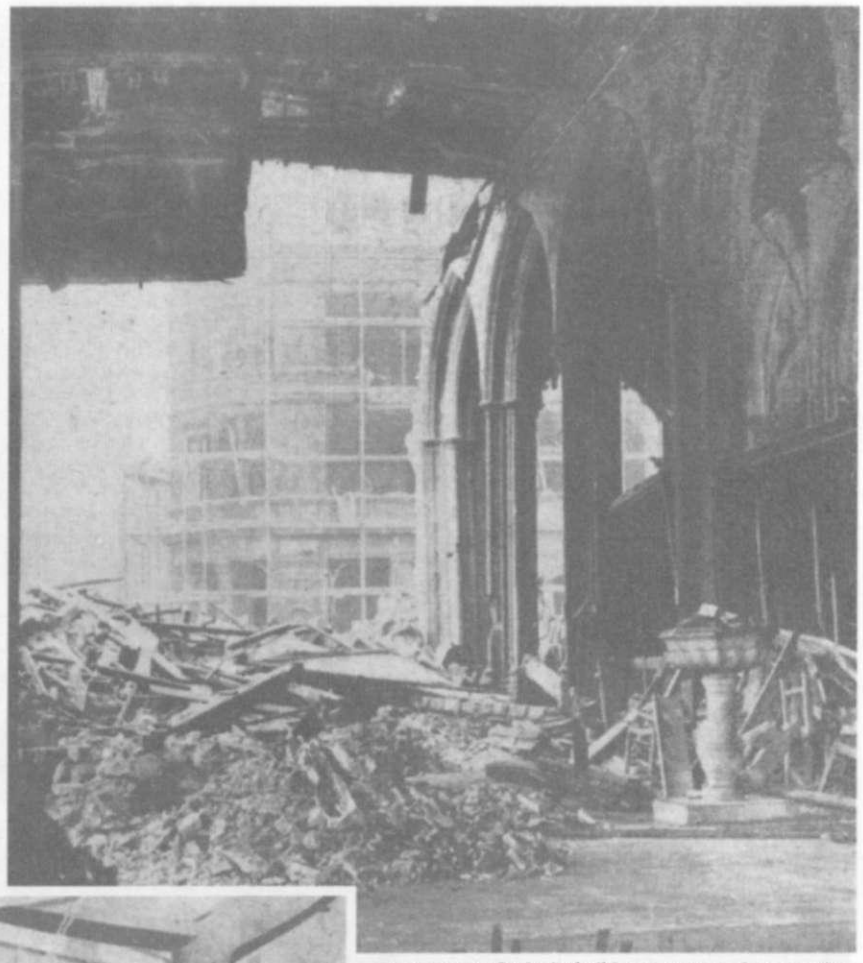
ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY was one of the Wren churches that were reduced to ruins. These photographs, above and right, show it as it was on December 29, 1940, and on the following day. It was the sparks from this burning building that set fire to the Guildhall.

Photos, Fox, Associated Press, Topical, W. F. Taylor and Central Press

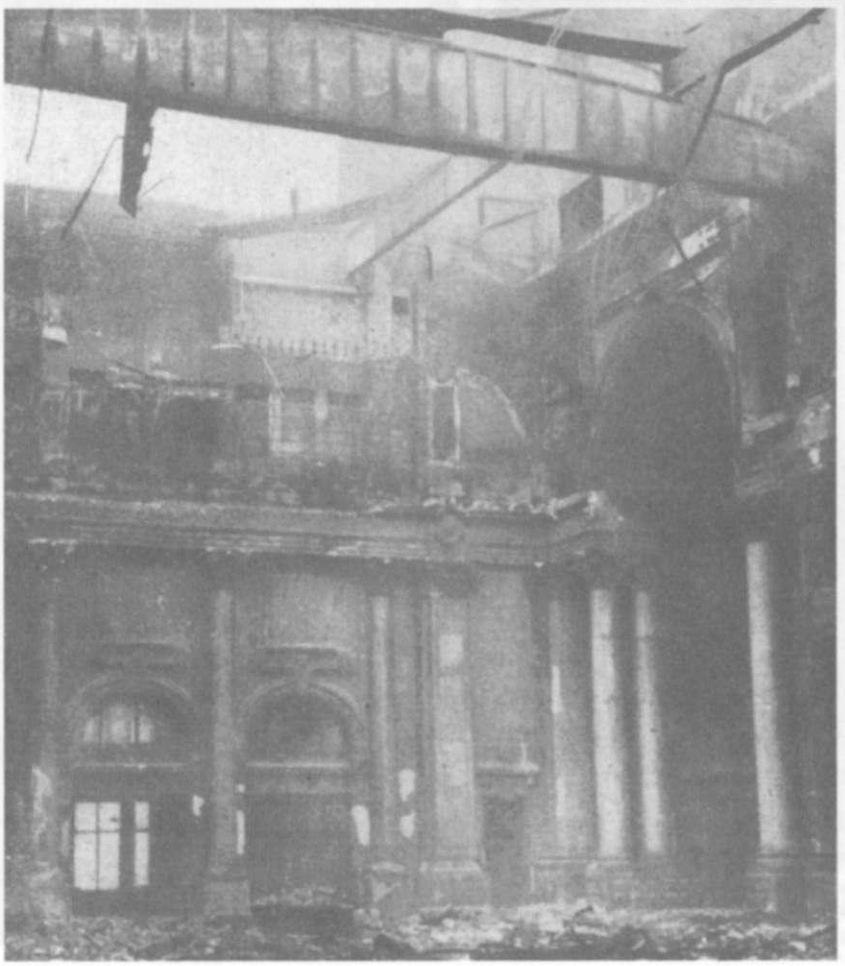
It Was Manchester's Turn for the 'Blitz'



Beneath the ruins of this building, destroyed during one of the mass attacks by Nazi bombers on Manchester during December, 1940, some 200 people remained unharmed in a deep underground shelter.



Manchester Cathedral did not escape damage, the Military Chapel, formerly the Derby Chapel, of this 14th-century building being wrecked by a bomb during one of the December raids.

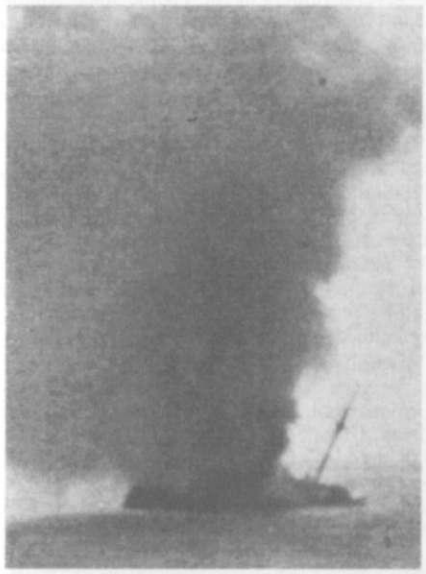


A.F.S. MEN of Manchester showed an endurance which vied with that of their comrades in London. Above, after working all through the night, they are still on duty. Left, Manchester Royal Exchange, one of the finest buildings of its kind in the Kingdom, as the Nazis left it. *Photos, G.P.U. and Planet News*

Solving the Identity of the Nazi Raiders

Baffled by the defences of the British fortress, Hitler is relying more and more on his surface-raiders to sink our Mercantile Marine and so starve us into surrender. This article by Haworth, whose diagrams are so well-known a feature of these pages, deals with some of the ships which are believed to be among those which are preying on Britain's commerce.

IT seems certain that at least one of Germany's remaining warships is at work in the Atlantic in a determined attempt to destroy our commerce. Of her three pocket-battleships there remain the "Admiral von Scheer" and the "Lützow" (formerly "Deutschland"), which can last be placed on April 23, 1940, when she was beached 50 miles west of Trondheim. Possibly she escaped from Norway before the British Navy mined the Arctic between Norway and Iceland in May, and she may have been in hiding at some West African harbour after the French collapse on June 17.



Scuttled by her crew after she had been set on fire, the 4,137-ton German freighter "Phrygia" was one of four that attempted to escape from Tampico, Mexico, in the early autumn. The others scurried back to port.

The evidence of the crews of the "Rangitiki" and "Cornish City," members of the convoy escorted by the "Jervis Bay," that the German vessel fired from a range of 15,000 yards, indicates that the raider might have been equipped with anything from a 6-inch gun upwards, but the brevity of the action seems to show that she brought into play a considerable weight of metal.

It is often overlooked that Germany has several old battleships of the Schleswig-Holstein class, which carry four 11-inch guns, although the "Schleswig-Holstein" (which will be remembered for her shelling of the Polish Westerplatte garrison at Gdynia) is thought to have been sunk in the Baltic. These vessels are normally used as training ships, but it is possible that one of them is operating as a raider. Then there are the battle-cruisers "Gneisenau" and the much damaged 26,000-ton "Scharnhorst," but it is hardly likely that such valuable vessels as these would be used as commerce raiders. There are left the fast modern cruisers of the Hipper class, vessels of 10,000 tons mounting eight 8-inch guns. Whether one or more of these vessels are at work in the Atlantic remains to be seen, but there is ample evidence that there is in addition at least one armed merchantman taking toll of our shipping in the same way.

Since the sinking of the "Jervis Bay" several British merchantmen have been attacked in the Atlantic; according to the Mackay radio messages the "Ridley" was attacked and set on fire on the same date, the "Port Hobart" was shelled off the West Indies on November 23, and the "Trehata" was attacked on the same date 500 miles west of Ireland. Since the last two attacks were made on the same date, there must be at least two raiders in the Atlantic, one of them being, perhaps, the armed merchantman which had been preying on British and neutral shipping throughout the summer. The log of this raider, so far as can be ascertained from available evidence, is as follows:

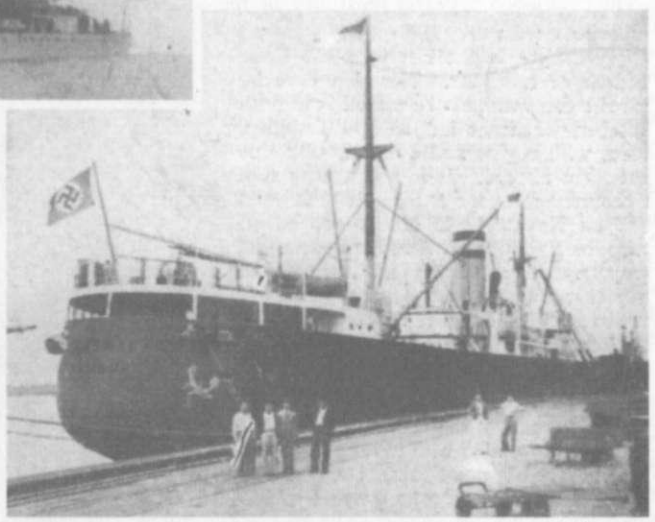
H.M.S. DIOMEDE, a 4,850-ton light cruiser, was waiting for the German freighters when they made another attempt to slip out to sea on November 29, 1940. One of them, the 5,033-ton "Idarwald," after being captured in the Caribbean, attempted to follow the example of the "Phrygia," but men from the "Diomede" extinguished the fires and took the ship back to port.

On April 24, 1940, a German raider flying Greek colours and firing four 6-inch guns sank the "Haxby" near Bermuda, killing 16 of her crew and taking the skipper, Captain Cornelius Arundell, on board, where he stayed a prisoner for four months. This same raider, using the name and colours of the "Narvik" (which Lloyd's Register classes as a Swedish ship of 4,234 tons), sank the Yugoslav "Santa Margareta" on July 7, 400 miles east of the Virgin Isles, West Indies. She followed this up with the sinkings of the "Davisian" and "King John" in approximately the same position.

It seems reasonable to suppose that the raider, turning south when the West Indies became too hot for her, met the British merchant cruiser "Alcantara" near Trinidad on July 29. Escaping from this encounter, the Nazi vessel turned north again, was refuelled by the German oil-tanker "Winnetou," and captured her next victim, the Norwegian "Tropic Sea," in the North Atlantic during the month of August. A German prize crew and the English prisoners were put aboard, but the "Tropic Sea's" journey to Germany was interrupted on September 3, when H.M. submarine "Truant" challenged her, rescued the prisoners and later surfaced near the English shores. The "Tropic Sea" was scuttled by the German prize crew and sank.

Meanwhile, the raider hunted fresh prey, and possibly attacked and sank the freighter "Anglo-Saxon" in the North Atlantic, from which two survivors, George Tapscott and Wilbert Widdicombe, landed at Eleuthera Isle, 40 miles from Nassau, after a 70 days' voyage in a small boat.

Captain Arundell of the "Haxby" speaks of the raider as an armed liner (with one funnel and two masts) of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, about 10,000 tons, mounting six 6-inch guns and carrying a crew of about 300. The raider had a telescopic funnel, and could change her superstructure. Brazilian



The "Idarwald" is here seen in port at Tampico between her two attempts to escape the British blockading warships. It is believed that the captains of the Nazi ships were suffering badly from nerves when they put to sea the first time and that they fled, not from the British, but from two American destroyers on neutrality patrol.

Photos, Stephen Cribb, Wide World and Associated Press

From Arctic to Pacific the Chase Goes On

COUNT FELIX VON LUCKNER, believed to be in command of the German raider operating in the Pacific. He won fame in the last war in the same field of activity.

and Dutch colours had been used, besides the Greek and Swedish already mentioned. A huge supply of mines was on board, and the vessel was equipped for a three years' voyage. There are several German liners of the Hamburg-Amerika service, as well as those of the Norddeutscher Lloyd and the German African lines, any of which may have been armed at Hamburg early in the war.

The "Eisenach" (4,177 tons) is known to have been fitted out with 6-inch guns at Corinto, Nicaragua, on September 25, 1939. Another vessel which might be considered is the "Triderun" (2,464 tons), an armed merchantman reported at the Celebes Isles, Dutch East Indies, on May 6, 1940, before the invasion of Holland. It would appear more probable, however, that this ship is operating in the Pacific. There is also the "Scharnhorst," Norddeutscher Lloyd express liner of 18,184 tons, which refuelled at Kobe, Japan, on September 13, 1940, and left for an unknown destination.

The "Orinoco" (9,660 tons), one of the Hamburg-Amerika liners, which was an auxiliary cruiser in the last war, left Cuba in March of last year. The next date by which she can definitely be placed is in mid-November, when she limped into Tampico, Mexico, with engine and boiler trouble due to sabotage aboard. It is noteworthy that this occurred after the "Phrygia" scuttled herself on November 15 off Panuco River, Mexico, on sighting four American patrolling destroyers. The "Phrygia," formerly a supply ship to the "Graf Spee," had left Tampico with full cargo to supply a German Atlantic raider.

Scuttling of the 'Idarwald'

The latest supply ship to be scuttled by her crew is the "Idarwald," which left Tampico in November with full cargo, bound ostensibly for Vigo, Spain, but actually steaming due north to meet a German raider. The crew opened the sea-cocks and set fire to their ship on sighting the British cruiser "Diomede"; the British boarding-party, although unable to save the ship, hauled down the Swastika and hoisted the White Ensign.

Then there was the "Rhein," also a supply ship, which left Tampico at the same time as the "Idarwald" and was intercepted and sunk by a Dutch man-of-war, "Van Kinsbergen," on December 11.

The "Windhoek," formerly a supply ship to the "Graf Spee," is known to be still at Santos, Brazil, unable to leave port as harbour dues are unpaid. The "Hermonthis" and three other German ships are reported to have been bottled up at Callao, Peru, since August 1939. The Peruvian Senate recently refused departure papers, on the ground that the hostile intent of such supply ships might provoke an incident with the British Navy within the American neutrality zone. A notable capture was the Norddeutscher Lloyd S.S. "Weser" (9,179 tons), intercepted on September 25, 1940, off Manzanillo, Mexico, by the Canadian merchant cruiser "Prince Robert." The cargo of hides, mercury, oil, food and stores, was captured intact. But several German vessels which may be acting as supply ships are still at large, among them the "Dresden," supply ship to the "Graf Spee"; "Helgoland," which left Barranquilla with full cargo and carrying twenty German civilian air pilots about October 25; "Havelland," last placed at Punta Arenas in October; and the Hamburg-Amerika liner "Rio Grande," which left a Brazilian port with full cargo on November 1.

Raiders in the Pacific

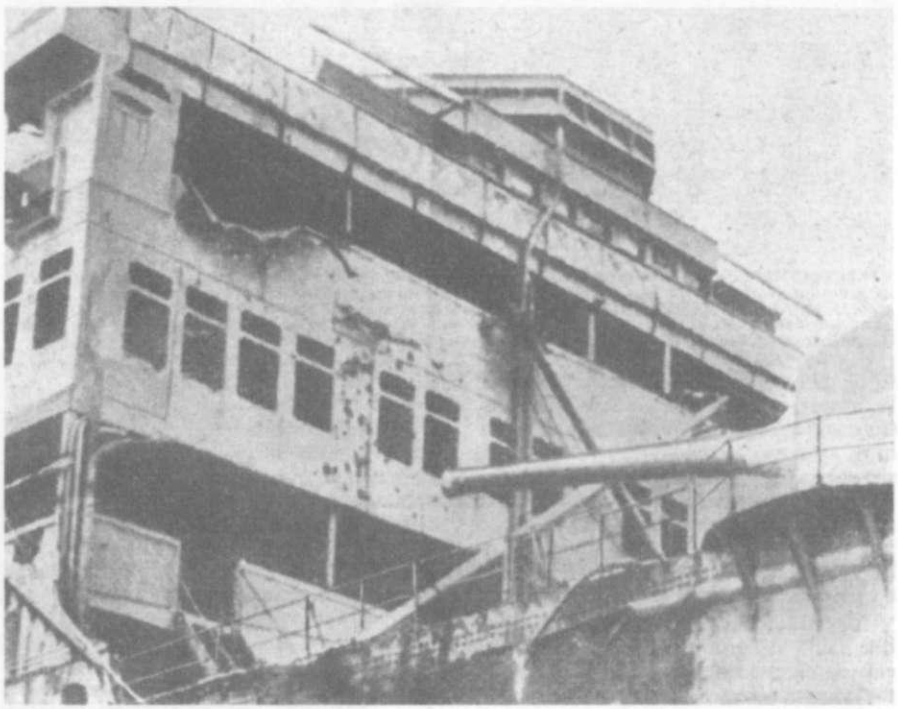
The Pacific Ocean also has been the scene of sinkings of our merchantmen, both by surface raiders and by mines. The "Niagara" was mined in the Tasman Sea on June 19. A cargo boat struck a mine off the Australian coast on November 8, but her crew was saved; and on the same date the American S.S. "City of Rayville" was blown up by a German mine (on the evidence of the Cape Otway lighthouse-keeper) 120 miles S.W. of Melbourne. Enemy mines were also discovered on May 17 off Cape Agulhas, S. Africa.

On August 17 the "Turakina" was attacked by an armed raider in the Tasman Sea, and this event was followed by the German claim of the sinking of the "British Commander" 300 miles south of Madagascar. Some 500 survivors from seven ships—sunk by several raiders in the Pacific since August 1940 — were landed in the Bismarck Archipelago, on December 21, and a few days later were taken to an Australian port.

The ships in question were six British—the "Komata" (3,900 tons), "Ranitane" (16,712 tons), "Holmwood," "Triona" (4,413 tons), "Triaster" (6,032 tons), and "Triadic" (6,378 tons), and one Norwegian vessel, the "Vinni" (5,181 tons). Survivors from three other sunk ships—the "Turakina," mentioned above (British, 9,161 tons), "Notou" (French, 2,489 tons), and "Ringwood" (Norwegian, 7,203 tons), were believed to be still aboard the raider.

Although the survivors were unable to give for certain the name of the ship which had marooned them, it was suspected that she was the "Glengarry," a British ship of 9,460 tons of the Glen Line which was seized in Copenhagen when the Germans invaded Denmark. She was reported to have had a Japanese flag painted on her sides, and to be commanded by Count Felix von Luckner, whose exploits as the captain of a German raider in the Great War won him the name of "Sea Devil."

Two attacks were made on ships in the Indian Ocean during November—the "Maimoa" and the "Port Brisbane." The passengers and crew (including one woman) from these vessels were taken prisoner aboard the raider, with the exception of the survivors from one of the "Port Brisbane's" three lifeboats, who escaped to tell the tale.



THE "CARNARVON CASTLE," formerly a Union Castle liner, is one of several similar ships that have put up gallant fights against Nazi raiders that slipped out into the Atlantic and Pacific. After an encounter with a raider in the Atlantic on Dec. 5, 1940 she put into port, and above is her bridge spattered with shrapnel **(see page 695, Vol. 3).** *Photos, Planet News and Keystone*

Across the Mountains Winds the Victors' Trail

GREEK SOLDIERS, well clad to resist the inclement weather, which nevertheless failed to halt their advance, are seen marching forward in open country after the capture of Koritza from the Italians. As this picture from a Paramount newsreel shows, the Greeks, owing to the difficult nature of the terrain, advanced mainly on foot, supplies and ammunition being carried on sure-footed pack mules well used to the mountainous country. Such country provides a strategic obstacle which should favour the Italians, but in practice it favoured the skilled and hardy Greek troops.

Photo, E.P. Genock, British Paramount News

A Winter's Tale of War in the Balkans

While the Italians were surrendering in their tens of thousands in Libya, their comrades in Albania were slowly but surely being forced back by the Greeks on to Valona. From the one field of battle as from the other there was no cheering news for Mussolini. Below we tell of the Greek successes that accompanied the turn of the year.

WHILE the Greek soldiers were battling their way along the snow-bound roads and mountain tracks of Albania, driving the Italians steadily before them, their comrades of the Royal Hellenic Navy were also playing a manful part in the war of liberation. Greece is sorely deficient in big ships, but the spirit of the men who triumphed at Salamis nearly 2,500 years ago is still present in her little ships—the submarines in particular. Thus, just before Christmas there came the story of the Greek submarine "Papanicolis."

Ordered to patrol the Straits of Otranto, the "Papanicolis"—a submarine of 576 tons—entered the Adriatic and arrived in the Gulf of Valona without molestation. There she remained submerged for many hours until at midday on Christmas Eve, Lieut.-Commander Milton Iatrides saw through his periscope an Italian convoy steaming towards Valona from Brindisi. It consisted of six transports—one a liner of 15,000 tons—moving in a double line, shepherded by six destroyers, two at the head, two in the middle, and two bringing up the rear.

Careful not to make a sound for fear of detection by the destroyers' hydrophones, the "Papanicolis" remained just below the surface until the ships of the convoy were passing on either side of her. Then her commander took aim and launched four torpedoes. With the first he hit a transport at a distance of 800 yards; the second hit another ship at 1,000 yards, and a third one at 1,200 yards. As for the fourth, it probably hit one of the destroyers.

Then the submarine dived to 170 feet, but as she went down her crew heard three explosions, proof positive that three of the torpedoes had scored direct hits. The Italian destroyers came rushing up and attacked the submarine with depth charges, rocking the "Papanicolis" with their explosions. Italian 'planes, too, bombed her time and again. But the little ship was unhurt and made never a sound. Swept northwards by a strong current, she surfaced five hours later off the coast of Dalmatia. Again she submerged, this time for between 30 and 40 hours, and throughout Christmas Day she was hunted by Italian aircraft. Finally, however, she reached one of the Ionian Islands and on December 27 regained her base. Lieut.-Commander Iatrides was promoted to Commander and decorated for his bravery, and all his officers and crew were awarded the War Cross.

Exploits of the "Katsonis"

Another of the Greek submarines, the "Katsonis," distinguished itself a few days later. The Greek Ministry of Marine announced on January 5 that the "Katsonis," when patrolling ten miles south of Menders Point on the Albanian coast, sighted an Italian munitions-carrying tanker making towards San Giovanni di Medua. The Italian ship mounted two guns of greater calibre than those of the "Katsonis," but the submarine released both torpedoes. The tanker avoided them by swinging on to a zig-zag course, whereupon the "Katsonis" surfaced, approached to 500 yards and, although out-gunned, scored a direct hit on the tanker, which took fire and blew up.

Yet a third Greek ship whose exploits should be remembered is the destroyer "Aetos," which sank an Italian submarine.

On land the fierce struggle for Valona, Klisura and Tepelini continued. It was not a battle so much as a competition in endurance. So bitter, indeed, was the winter weather that for days at a time there was little to break the silence in the mountains save the occasional crack of a rifle and the roar of an avalanche. The Italians were strongly entrenched between Tepelini and Klisura; in Tepelini itself was the 17th Battalion of the 3rd Julia Alpini Division, and to the west were some twelve batteries of Italian artillery. Then between Klisura and Berat was a regiment of Blackshirts. All three villages—they are hardly more—were strongly defended with barbed wire and machine-gun posts made of rough timber and rocks. But for the Italians as for the Greeks the war had now entered a very unpleasant phase. Not only were there no dry and warm dug-outs, but many of the soldiers on both sides were without shelter. They were lacking, too, in winter clothing; hot food was generally unobtainable, and the men often went hungry. The mules suffered even more greatly from the cold and exposure, and it was reported that they were dying like flies, simply collapsing at the sides of the tracks and lying there until they were frozen stiff.

But the Italians bore the strain far worse than the Greeks since for the most part they had been accustomed to the warm climate of the Mediterranean lowlands. Italians taken prisoner were terribly exhausted by cold, hunger and weariness, and some of the artillerymen said that they had been strapped to their guns by their officers to prevent them deserting. "It is not true to assert," wrote the Special Correspondent of the Athens newspaper "Ethnos," "that the Italian soldier cannot fight. They are keen fighters, but probably this war does not inspire them. Italian soldiers who have been made prisoner, after having first taken food and gained assurance that they will be treated as well as possible, begin to laugh and joke. They give the impression that the nightmare of war is over for them, and they look very pleased."

MACHINE-GUNS have proved a very valuable weapon to the Greeks, for in the mountainous regions of Albania through which artillery could not easily pass, they can be transported on mules or pack-horses. Such weapons as these, skilfully handled by the Greeks, were not at all to the liking of the Italians. The machine-guns in use amongst the Greek troops are the Hotchkiss (used in the Great War by the French and to some extent by the British armies), the St. Etienne, and Schwarzlose—an Austrian production. Greek mountain artillery—made by Schneider and Krupp for the most part—has also proved its worth. *Photo, G.P.U.*

Into Koritza with the Victorious Greeks

On November 22, 1940, the Greeks completed the occupation of Koritza, and a few days afterwards King George of Greece visited his victorious troops. Left he is seen during his inspection accompanied by two officers of the High Command.

Photo, G.P.U.

Koritza was an Italian stronghold, and when the Italians evacuated it they left a great quantity of guns, ammunition, and other stores behind them. Below, Greek soldiers examining bombs for aircraft which were among the booty. The captured stores were a most welcome addition to the Greek resources.

Photo, Paramount Newsreel

In 1925, while Albania was still a Republic, Italy obtained well-nigh complete control of its finances ; the National Bank of Albania was established in Rome with practically all its capital subscribed from Italian sources. Only branches were set up in Albania ; the Greek soldiers above are standing outside that in Koritza.

Photo, Paramount Newsreel

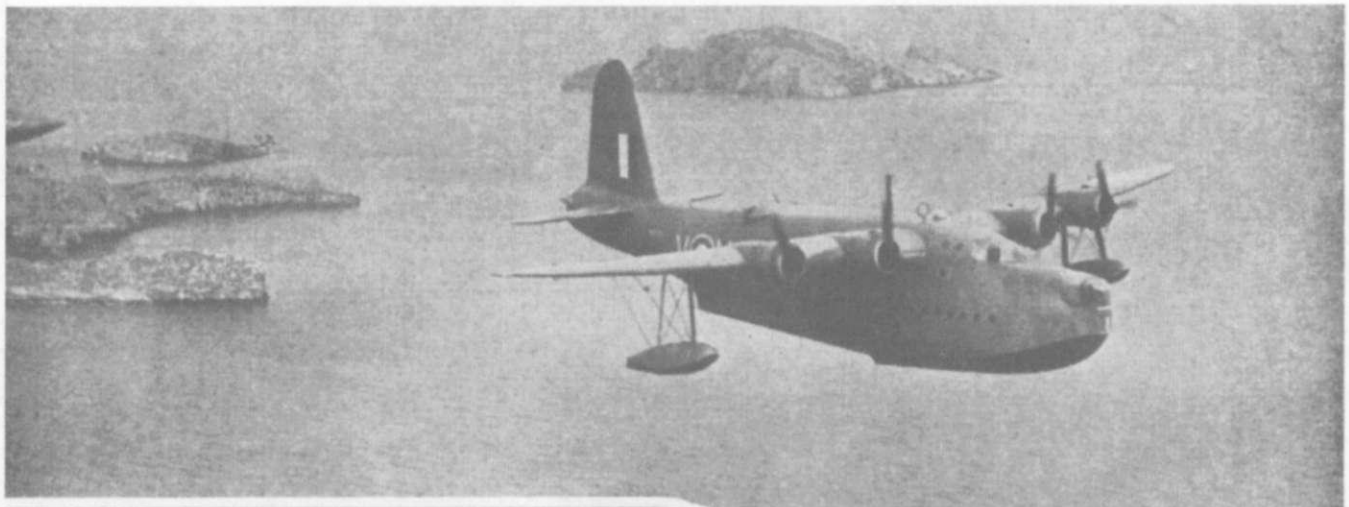
When the Greeks entered Koritza with the long train of mules which formed a great part of their transport, they passed the Greek and Albanian flags flying side by side, right. In this display of bunting the Albanians may well have read a promise of future independence.

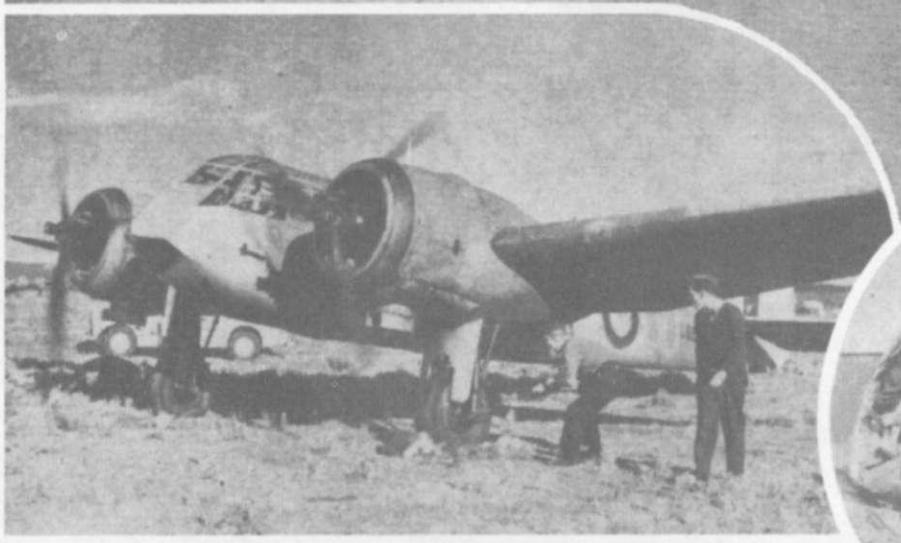
Photo, G.P.U.

Not as Conquerors but as Captives the Italians Resume T

MARCHING [illegible] the ruins of Sidi Barrani, this long trail of Italian prisoners is but a fraction of those captured during the swift British advance through Egypt and Libya, which marked the close of 1940. Sidi Barrani was captured on Dec. 11, little more than [illegible] hours after the opening of the British offensive. Over [illegible],000 prisoners were taken before the fall of Graziani's base, [illegible],000 more in

Britain Has 'Flown' to the Aid of Greece





The R.A.F. is playing a big part in attack and patrol in the Eastern Mediterranean. A Sunderland flying boat of the R.A.F., top, is flying above the still waters of the Mediterranean dotted with the Isles of Greece. Above, an R.A.F. bomber starting off from a Greek aerodrome.

BLENHEIM BOMBERS, as well as Sunderland flying boats, are among the aircraft that the R.A.F. are using in support of the Greeks against the Italians. Above, against a sunset sky, one of these machines is returning from a raid. In the foreground is a camouflaged tent at the aerodrome. In the circle, a sergeant of the R.A.F. offers his bald head to be "touched for luck" by two of his comrades just off on a flight. One of the chief objectives of the R.A.F. has been the Albanian port of Valona, which up to December 29, 1940, had been bombed 22 times.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Fire Over Germany: The Year's Lurid End

Only a short while after the Nazi fire-raising raid on the City of London, the R.A.F. delivered yet another smashing attack on the great German city and port of Bremen. This attack was one of many, as we tell in our review of some of the principal aspects of the air war given below.

THE big drop in day bombing attacks is clearly reflected in the table printed in this page: German losses during December were 48 aircraft, as compared with 201 in the previous month plus 20 Italian 'planes; British losses were 8 in December, compared with 53 in November. During the 16 months from the beginning of the war Germany lost in raids over Britain at least 3,045 aircraft, whereas our own losses in defending these islands were 847 'planes, 427 of our pilots being saved. In all theatres of war combined the total German loss for 1940 was computed to be in the neighbourhood of 4,500 aircraft, and the Italian loss was put at 550. It has also been estimated that the cost of the year's aerial operations in man-power to Germany was 11,000, and that incurred by Italy about 1,200.

Manchester was heavily raided on the night of Dec. 22, many casualties being caused. Three enemy 'planes were shot down in all by our night patrols. During the attack on Merseyside the night before our A.A. guns had shot down two bombers. London and the Midlands, with the N.W. and S. of Britain, were raided during the night of Monday, Dec. 23, but there was little activity by day. Christmas Day and Boxing Day passed peacefully; a stray enemy machine dropped bombs in the Isle of Sheppey on the afternoon of the 25th, and next day a German bomber was shot down in the Orkneys. Apart from this Britain was untroubled by the Luftwaffe, and for three nights there was no Alert.

On Friday, Dec. 27, a town in the South-east was bombed in daylight, with few casualties. At night London underwent a heavy attack for some four hours. Next evening it was the turn of a town in the south-west which experienced one of its worst raids. Earlier in the day Southampton had been attacked, when a lone raider suddenly appeared and dropped bombs. The City of London was singled out on Sunday night for that strange raid which began with a mass-attack by fire-bombs and then stopped short; it has already been described in page 13. By day there had been only isolated incidents, at coastal and N.W. towns. After this there came a lull—one of those strange pauses which are difficult to explain, since it is of the essence of strategy to keep on hammering at an enemy. Bombs were dropped in Kent and East Anglia during daylight on Monday, Dec. 30, but there were no night raids. The last night of the year passed without an Alert, and during daylight there were only isolated attacks on Kent and Essex coastal towns.

During 1940 London's Alerts numbered more than 400, and lasted for roughly 1,180 hours. The first daylight attack on the Capital came early in September; in the big raid of Sept. 8 the Nazis lost 99 aircraft, 78 being shot down by our fighters. On the next day, when again between three and four hundred Nazi 'planes attacked London, our Spitfires and Hurricanes accounted for 47. Then the Metropolitan area—and the country generally—began to feel secure under the protection of its incomparable Air Force and ground defences. Work and traffic no longer ceased for the Alert, and only when danger became imminent did the workers resort to shelters. The enemy had failed to stop our productive effort. During the year the A.A. guns of Britain destroyed 444 enemy aircraft. The figures for enemy aircraft destroyed by Allied naval units from the beginning of the war up to Dec. 1, 1940 are 192; in addition there were 91 whose destruction was unconfirmed, and another hundred which were "damaged."

In spite of the intense provocation, no reprisal raids on German cities were carried out: and the R.A.F. bombers continued their operations according to the strategical pattern worked out by the High Command. On Tuesday, Dec. 31, during reconnaissance flights in daylight over Western Germany, one of our Blenheims swooped down on a bridge near Emmerich, and at below 500 feet he loosed off a stick of bombs; some of them hit the bridge fair and square. Another pilot bombed a factory at Cologne, while yet others attacked objectives at Rotterdam and Ymuiden.

On Jan. 1 a very large force of our bombers raided Bremen for 3½ hours. In this great industrial centre—second only to Hamburg in importance—the main objectives were the shipbuilding yards and docks, where submarines are built; the Deutsche Vacuum Oil Refinery; rice and starch mills and many other industrial targets; the Focke-Wulf air-frame works; and railways and other communications. Twenty thousand incendiaries, more than twice the number dropped by the Germans on the City of London during the great fire-raising attack, fell on Bremen, besides loads of high explosives. Repeat visits to the great city were paid on the next two nights.

ENEMY AND BRITISH AIRCRAFT LOSSES

	German	Italian	British
May	1,990	—	258
June	276	—	177
July	245	—	115
Aug.	1,110	—	310
Sept.	1,114	—	311
Oct.	241	—	119
Nov.	201	20	53
Dec. 1-31	48	—	8
Totals, May to Dec. 31	5,225	20	1,351

Daily Results

Dec.	Ger. Losses	Br. Losses	Br. Pilots Saved	Dec.	Ger. Losses	Br. Losses	Br. Pilots Saved
1 ...	8	5	5	15 ...	—	—	—
2 ...	2	—	—	16 ...	—	—	—
3 ...	—	—	—	17 ...	1	—	—
4 ...	1	—	—	18 ...	1	—	—
5 ...	14	2	1	19 ...	1	—	—
6 ...	—	—	—	20 ...	—	—	—
7 ...	2	—	—	21 ...	5	1	1
8 ...	1	—	—	22 ...	3	—	—
9 ...	1	—	—	24 ...	—	—	—
10 ...	1	—	—	25 ...	1	—	—
11 ...	2	—	—	26-31	—	—	—
12 ...	4	—	—		—	—	—
13 ...	—	—	—	Totals	48	8	7
14 ...	—	—	—				

From the beginning of the war up to **Dec. 31, 1940, 3,045 enemy aircraft** destroyed during raids on Britain. R.A.F. losses **847**, but **427** pilots saved.

In the **Western Desert operations**, since Italy entered the war, she has lost the following aircraft in combat or destroyed on the ground. British losses are given for the same period:

	Italy Combat	Italy Ground	Britain Combat		Italy Combat	Italy Ground	Britain Combat
June	13	6	3	Oct. ...	8	2	4
July ...	22	4	1	Nov.	14	3	2
Aug.	27	8	4	Dec. ...	104	83	12
Sept.	10	5	3	Totals	198	111	29

In London the Royal Engineers on Jan. 4, 1941, began their task of blowing up bomb-shattered buildings that threatened to collapse. Here is a photograph taken while they were on the job in Newgate Street. Before the roar of the explosion has subsided the building comes down in a cloud of dust and smoke.

Photo, Sport & General

Let Us Now Praise Those Who Fought the Fire

Shocking as was the damage done to London by the Nazi fire-raisers on the night of December 29–30, 1940, it would have been far greater but for the tremendous efforts, the self-sacrificing toil, of the men and women of London's Fire Service. This article is in the nature of a tribute to that fine body of civilian warriors.

ONLY a glimpse or two through the smoke is yet visible of the wonderful saga of the Second Great Fire of London: of the half-dozen night porters and spotters who strove in vain to save St. Bride's; of the St. Paul's Churchyard caretakers who threw fire-bombs from the roofs of the world's most inflammable buildings, the soft goods warehouses; of the Auxiliaries—former clerks and cooks, commercial travellers and "counter-jumpers"—who held the struggling hoses for a night and a day almost without relief in face of poisonous smoke and searing flame; of the "regulars" of the London Fire Brigade, who darted in the fire-floats from one side of the Thames to the other in an astonishing attempt to cope with a colossal outburst of flame in Southwark as well as the inferno of the City.

Fire-fighting in peacetime is a dangerous job enough and claims its casualties. But the peacetime fireman does not have to extinguish, to rescue, and to brave fumes with tons of high-explosives descending upon himself and the burning buildings around him, as in the "Dunkirk of Dockland," for instance, at the beginning of the "blitz." Nor does he have to work at his terrible task for such long periods without relief, since in peacetime the fire services are never called out to their full capacity. But in war fires are beacons to bombers as well as threats to property, and when half a city is engulfed the reliefs are not forthcoming—they are at work themselves. Small wonder that on the morning of Monday, December 30, one saw firemen not only dirty but dazed; they had worked to, and beyond, exhaustion point, until they were literally "fit to drop." So worn with fatigue were some parties that one might see three exhausted men struggling to control a snaking hose which one fresh man would normally be capable of handling. An occasional drop of tea—and the bravery of the tea providers of the Y.M.C.A. and other mobile canteens, who served thousands of cups that one night, must not be forgotten—was the sole refreshment some of our civilian heroes received for twelve or fifteen hours. But they saved the day; they won the battle and the acclaim of the world. Next day hundreds of them, part-time volunteers, went back to their offices, sat on their stools, picked up their pens, and went on where they left off at Saturday noon. "Have a nice week-end?" "Pretty fair. Rather warm, though."

At the corner of Ave Maria Lane and Paternoster Row there was a nest of book publishers. Their premises made one of the biggest of the two hundred separate fires which were at one time visible from St. Paul's roof. They were old buildings, of stucco and brick for the most part, containing many wooden partitions, and they "went up like a petrol dump." Burning books and paper make a thick smoke, and through it came hurtling down from the top storeys great half-ton lumps of masonry, each enough to kill a half-dozen men. But the work went on.

A hundred yards away, on the roof of St. Paul's Cathedral, the volunteer fire-watchers laboured to save the sacred edifice—and with success. They were not firemen, but architects, surveyors, solicitors and other

A.F.S. girls, one of whom is seen in the top photograph, brought much-needed food to their firemen comrades who night and day fought the City fires without thought of rest

Photos, Planet News and L.N.A

They Served Like Heroes in London's Front Line

Thousands of cups of tea and slices of cake were supplied to London's heroic firemen by the Y.M.C.A. canteens. One of them was in the very building in St. Paul's Churchyard where the Y.M.C.A. was founded in 1844.

professional men, some of whom, seeing the glow of the burning City from their Hampstead homes, drove their cars through the furnace to do their duty to the Cathedral. They wielded their rakes and stirrup pumps, and kept Wren's building inviolate while hell raged round the holy place.

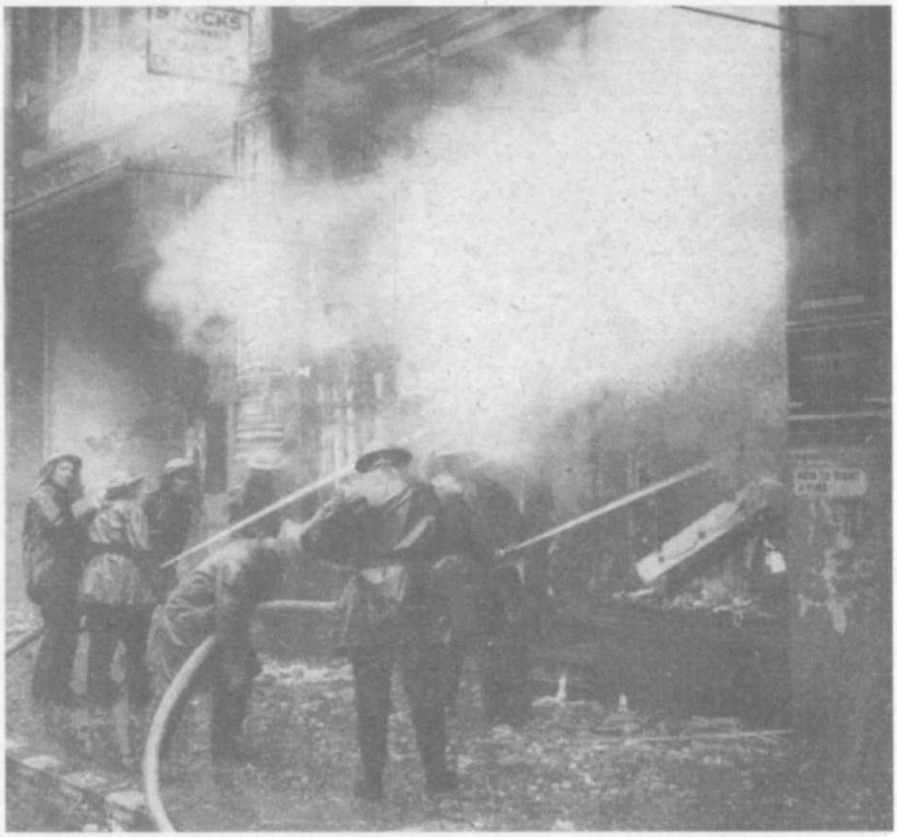
At the bottom of Ludgate Hill another scene: one solitary, immobile figure, silhouetted black against the crimson glow—a fireman mounted on a water-tower, directing a silver jet upon yet another top-storey blaze. Just one of the bravest men in London. Others were at work round the Guildhall in the close-packed streets and alleys of "Fire Danger Zone No. 1."

There were between ten and twenty thousand firemen in the front line that night; in supreme control was Mr. F. W. Jackson, Deputy Chief Officer and London Regional Fire Officer, while one of his officers, Mr. C. M. Kerr, established a central control and arranged for water to be relayed from the Thames. The men were not all Londoners; brigades were sent to help with the Second Great Fire from many towns in the surrounding area, and four hundred sub-stations were put into a state of emergency, ready to answer all calls for more men and more pumps. They drove through the night at breakneck pace to the rescue and fought for London until the battle was won and their strength all but spent. Then, reeling with fatigue, dizzy with the flames and smoke, grimed and unshaven, they packed up their equipment and went back to their home stations in the quiet counties.

Some did not go back. Four firemen were killed when the wall of a burning building in the City Road collapsed upon and killed them. Their comrades tore at the masonry with their bare hands, but they were dead when found. Many were seriously injured by falling stone, others badly burned by streams of fire from ignited gas mains. Some 60 men were entrapped by the flames in the Fore Street area, and only escaped by dropping over the parapet on to the Underground railway line. But the casualties were small for a major battle.

If civilians were amazed at the heroism of the firemen, the firemen were no less astonished by the calmness and courage of civilians. Passers-by and late homegoers, shelterers who had emerged for a cigarette, and all the shifting population of a blacked-out city on a Sunday night joined in the battle without a thought for themselves, while the raiders zoomed overhead and the streets were showered with cascades of glass splinters and torrents of fire and water. Of these heroes no one will ever know the names.

Lest Londoners should imagine that theirs is the only city where dwell such heroes, let us not forget that the same experiences, the same heroism, and the same glorious victory have been endured, demonstrated and won by the firemen and people of Coventry, Manchester, Bristol, Southampton, Sheffield, and half a dozen other great provincial cities. Truly "you can't lick the people" when they are fighting for their own homes.



When dawn came on December 30, 1940, London's firemen and many others who had come in from outer areas to fight the flames were still pouring water on the ruins, some only smouldering, some still burning. Pasted to the wall on the right of these three firemen are the remains of a poster headed, "How to fight a fire." The rest is washed away. It no longer matters, for the firemen know all there is to know. *Photos, Planet News and L.N.A.*

Echoes of War in Far-off South Africa

'I Take Off My Hat to England!'

GEN. SMUTS, in a speech at Wynburg, Orange Free State, on Dec. 11, 1940, expressed his confidence in the ultimate victory of Britain. He said:

The end of 1940 finds me more hopeful than I was at the end of 1939. Greece is trampling on Italy. That part of Italy's fleet which is not under water has vanished.

Hitler has used the greatest air fleet at his disposal, but military damage is negligible.

Britain is immeasurably stronger than before the war, and is no longer on the defensive. When I speak of England I take off my hat.

We must choose our friends for the future. I choose the country under which we suffered 40 or 50 years ago, but who, when we were at their mercy, treated us as a Christian people.

(1) The "Gommands on Wheels," the mobile column which is touring S. Africa to show the mechanized army to the country, is here seen passing along the sea front of East London, Cape Province. (2) General Smuts, who combines the roles of Minister of Defence and Officer Commanding the Union Forces with that of Prime Minister of the Union, is in conference with Lieut.-General Sir Pierre Van Ryneveld, Chief of the General Staff. (3) Young evacuees at Westbrooke, the Governor-General's residence at Cape Town, send cables home on their arrival. (4) On the Kenya frontier South African troops are fighting against the Italians. Infantry are here seen returning to camp after a 17-hour route march. *Photos, South African Official and G.P.U.*

The Mediterranean Fleet is in Good Heart & Fettle

Shortly before Christmas Lieut.-Commander A. M. Kimmins, R.N., well known as a playwright, visited Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria under official auspices. Here is his report, broadcast as "War Commentary" on December 26, of what he saw and heard.

My first port of call was Gibraltar—the famous rock fortress which guards the narrow entrance to the western end of the Mediterranean. As we approached I began to wonder what it must feel like to be stationed on a tiny and very isolated promontory—which is what Gib is.

I know the saying "as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar" has become a sort of trade-mark of security throughout the world. It was coined, though, in the days of cutlasses and cannon balls—not under modern conditions of long-range armour-piercing shells, aircraft bombing, and all the rest of it.

Frankly, I expected to find everyone digging deeper and deeper holes inside the Rock as a refuge from these new methods of onslaught. But did I? Most certainly not.

Admittedly, squads of men, white from head to foot from the dust and muck shooting out from their pneumatic drills, were working day and night building new galleries. But these galleries were not to take cover in; they were to feed the new gun positions, the new observation posts, and so on. In fact, although preparing for siege—an essentially defensive operation—offensive tactics were being employed. There was no question of locking doors, cutting down the rations, and seeing how long they would be able to last out. It was much more a question of locking the doors, then rolling up the sleeves and seeing how many of the enemy they would be able to wipe out before being relieved.

Down below in the harbour under the very shadow of the Rock lay the units of our Western Mediterranean Fleet, fresh from their successes against the Italians. Wherever I went I found nothing but unbounded optimism and terrific enthusiasm. Hardly surprising really, because these ships and aircraft had already had a crack at the enemy, and their one ambition now is to have more and more. In the Admiral's cabin in the flagship I had a long talk with Admiral Sir James Somerville.

"It is noteworthy, but curious," he told me, "that when we meet the enemy fleet at sea in the Mediterranean it declines battle. Why is this? Well, in my opinion, it is because our enemies know in their hearts full well that theirs is not a just cause. That they have been wrongly led. I feel sure of this." And then he went on: "The facts are simple, and since they are simple they appeal to us sailors. We know what we are fighting for; the enemy does not. And that knowledge, coupled with the knowledge that our people at home are resisting so magnificently, justifies us in the belief that 1941 will be a red letter year in our history."

Those were Admiral Somerville's words. Perhaps at this very moment he and his ships are slipping out of harbour in the light of the half moon. On their starboard side are the gay, bright lights of Algeciras in neutral Spain—a reminder of the days of peace we are fighting for. Astern of them, as they turn out of the narrow harbour entrance, is the vast towering silhouette of the Rock. The ships are steaming out hoping for the chance to attack. From inside the Rock there comes at intervals the sound of muffled explosions. Another gallery has been blasted. Another gun is being put into position so that, should their turn come, they'll be able to hit out, mighty hard too.

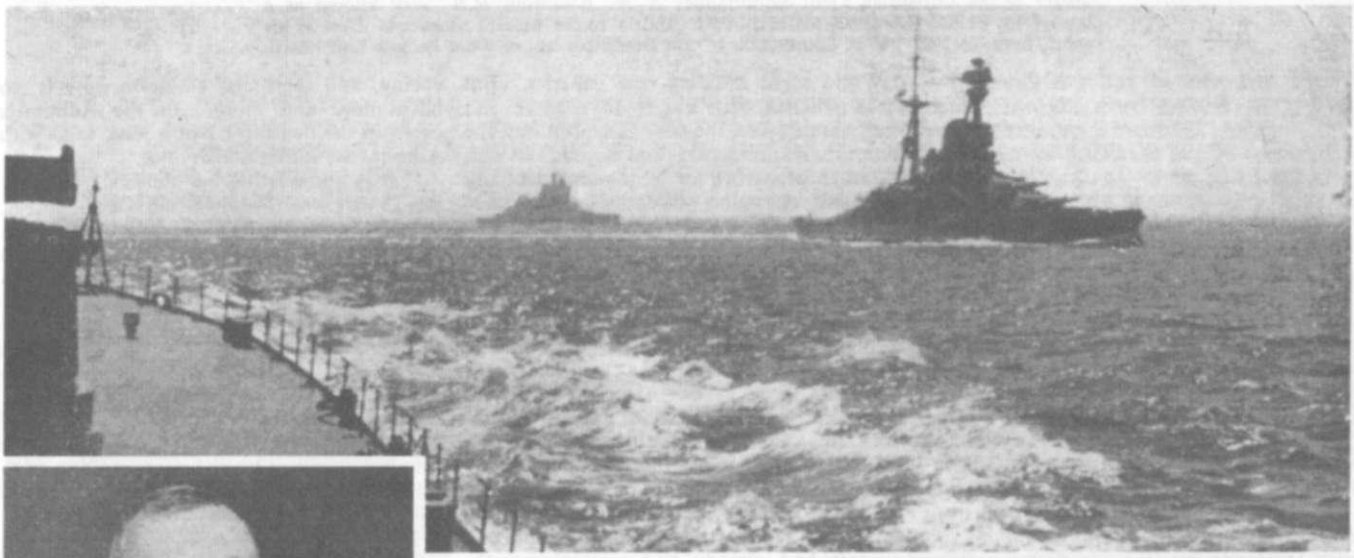
Gibraltar has two harbours—the commercial, seen in the foreground, and the naval harbour, beyond it. On the right is the coast of Spain, and on the horizon can be seen the coast of Africa. *Photo, Charles E. Brown*

GIBRALTAR'S BIG THREE responsible for its defence during the first critical months of the war are here seen in consultation. They are, left to right, Vice-Admiral Sir Dudley North, Naval C.-in-C.; Lieut.-General Sir Clive Liddell, Governor and C.-in-C., and Major-General MacFarlane, Military Commander. In December, 1940, Sir Dudley North was succeeded by Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Edward-Collins. *Photo, Topical*

From Gibraltar I flew on east to Malta, our island stronghold in the middle of the Mediterranean. As we passed over the blue waters I saw many British warships patrolling and searching for the enemy. But I never saw an Italian.

Now Malta, like Gib, is so small that on the average political map of the world—where the British Empire is shown in red—neither of them presents a sufficient area to

From East to West 'Thumbs Up!' All the Way



EAST OF GIBRALTAR the Italian Fleet dare not show its flag, though day after day British battleships such as these have swept the Mediterranean asking nothing better than to decide with guns whose sea it really is. The result would well justify the British C.-in-C. in hoisting a broom at his masthead, like the famous Dutch Admiral Tromp, 300 years ago, to show that he was master of the seas. *Photo, Central Press*

MAJ.-GEN. DOBBIE, Acting Governor of Malta, is one of the best-known personalities in the Royal Engineers and, like that other Engineer, "Chinese" Gordon, believes that a soldier is all the better for being a good Christian. *Photo, Russell*

allow for even the smallest red splodge; they have to be content with red lines under their names. And, like Gib, Malta lies nearly a thousand miles from its nearest British neighbour. What's more, Malta with Sicily to the north, Libya to the south and various Italian islands dotted around, is surrounded by the enemy on all sides.

Not a particularly healthy place one would imagine, but in Malta, to my surprise, I found everything going on much the same as before. Everyone, Navy, Army, Air Force and civilians, was of course, working overtime, but—for their moments of relaxation—the cinemas, bars and so on were open as before. When the British warships return the inhabitants crowd the Barracca—the high ground overlooking the Grand Harbour—and cheer like mad. When they see an Italian aircraft shot down, they yell themselves hoarse.

Before this trip I had not been in Malta for some years, and so, in all innocence, I approached a cheerful-looking Karozzi driver (Karozzis are the local cabs) and asked him to take me to the main street, the Strada Reale. In a flash his expression changed and he stared down at me with stinking contempt.

I repeated my request, but he only eyed me with greater suspicion and asked me who I was and where I came from

By now somewhat peeved, I replied haughtily that I should have thought that my uniform was sufficient evidence that I was a naval officer and, if he must know, I had arrived that afternoon. At this news he wilted completely, bowed me into his cab and then said with terrific pride: "In Malta we no longer have Italian names for our streets. The Strada Reale is now The Kingsway."

When we reached our destination I asked him what he thought about the Italian air raids. He didn't accept the question for himself, but turned proudly and patted his best friend, his horse. "Charlie," he said, "not like the sirens, but Charlie not give a damn for the Italian bombs!"

In Malta, you see, the whole civil population are just as much part of the defence organization of the islands as they are here at home. His Excellency the Governor and the Vice-Admiral Commanding the Dockyard—Admiral Ford—were both lost in admiration for the way the Maltese had faced up to the air raids and all the rest of it. The last thing Admiral Ford said to me was: "You can tell all at home that as far as Malta is concerned it's 'Thumbs up.'"

From Malta I flew on to Alexandria, the naval base in Egypt from which the main portion of the Mediterranean Fleet has been operating. On the way I looked down upon British warships heading for Greece; others were steaming at full speed to bombard the Libyan coastline. Again I never saw one single Italian. Just as in the Western Mediterranean, the control of the seas was completely ours.

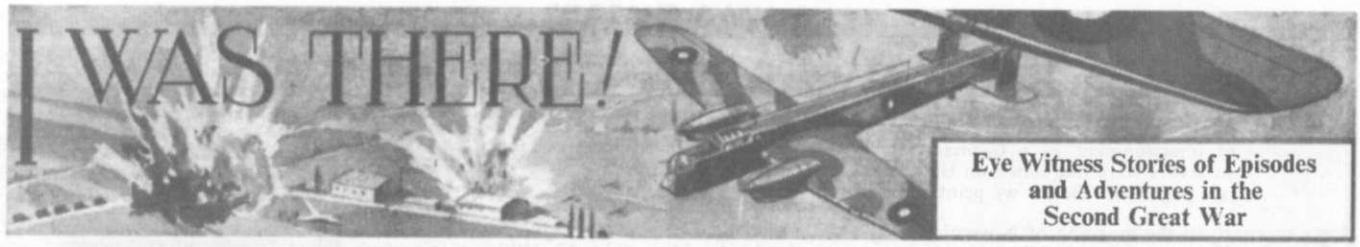
At Gib and Malta I think the thing that had impressed me more than anything else was the spirit of the individuals. Now as we glided down into the harbour of Alexandria I felt a new sensation: a feeling of bursting pride in the strength and might of the British and Allied Navies lying there below. Powerful ships of all classes were grouped in formidable array. The traffic problem at the harbour entrance was acute. Ships were steaming out to play their part alongside the land forces in bombarding the retreating Italians and their coastal positions: others were returning for more and yet more ammunition. Even from the air one could tell that those at anchor in the harbour were by no means idle. The numbers of small craft, ammunition lighters, oilers and so on hurrying from warship to warship told clearly enough that the men-o'-war were not in harbour for a rest or shelter. They were here for one reason only, to replenish with stores and ammunition and get back to sea on the job.

Later, when talking to the individuals, the sailors who had chased and harried the Italian Fleet on so many occasions, the Fleet Air Arm pilots who had carried out that amazing raid on Taranto—in fact all those who had played their part in gaining control of the Mediterranean, I found one very noticeable thing. Except from a purely technical point of view they had little to say of what had happened in the past. Their whole conversation hinged on two factors Where and how often could they strike in the future? And what news could I give them of their folks at home?

'A. B. C.' the C.-in-C.

While in Alexandria I had a talk with the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Andrew B. Cunningham. His is a name which has been on everyone's lips and yet in the street he wouldn't be recognized. He is a Scot and is known affectionately by those who serve under him as "A.B.C." He is short, rugged, and with rather close-cut greying hair above blue eyes which pierce right through you. For many months he has shouldered tremendous responsibilities, and yet there is not one sign of fatigue. Like most Scots, once he gets an idea into his head nothing will deter him from seeing it through. At present his one idea is to sink every enemy ship in the Mediterranean. Given the chance, he will.

This is what the Commander-in-Chief asked me to say: "Perhaps the best news I can give those at home is the fact that the fleet in the Mediterranean is in good heart and fettle for the reason that experience has shown that we can rely unquestionably on the vital support of the factories and munition works of the Home Front."



I Saw the City Burning at Midnight

The German attempt to fire London on December 29, 1940, made the night memorable even to the city which had already been so heavily raided. A "Daily Mail" reporter, who was on the spot while the fires were at their height, wrote this graphic impression of the scene.

MIDNIGHT was not far away when, on December 29, 1940, I walked up Ludgate Hill, buildings blazing to my left, buildings blazing to my right. A mighty glare lit the sky above, tinting the high clouds with a tinge of pink.

Even at this hour a great crowd of Londoners were out to watch the attempted destruction of their beloved city. They walked slowly—men, smartly dressed girls, Cockney matrons, here and there a child. And they walked almost in silence.

In the glare of many fires their faces showed white and bitter. They said little. They were awed and deeply angry. Every now and then you would hear someone mutter to himself, "They'll pay for this."

We picked our course across tangled lines of hose, moved quietly out of the way of firemen, glanced warily behind to dodge the motors and appliances that heralded their approach with the jangling of bells.

St. Paul's loomed ahead, its ancient walls strangely lovely in the glow of a hundred fires. The grey stones shone scarlet; every now and then a pall of smoke from a building opposite would momentarily douse a blaze of flame, and black shadows would chase each other across the dome.

Here was a sight at which to marvel. Fire blazed all around, flames dangerously close. The cathedral itself, its cross above the dome calm and aloof above a sea of fire, stood out, an island of God, safe and untouched.

On, and deeper into the City. Fires, always fires: to the left, to the right, before and behind.

Every now and then a shower of burning rubble would whirl down from a rooftop, caught by the wind, dance along the road and clothe one for a second in a sea of sparks.

Everywhere great armies of firemen, professional and amateur, worked grimly on, too absorbed in their own fierce business to worry about the danger to fools like myself, drawn to this scene of destruction by an instinct too deep to be denied.

Now I reach a wide cross-roads. One great block of buildings is alight. Scores of firemen grapple with it.

The wind is rising. The flames leap and roar at its touch. Suddenly from one side of the burning block a great tongue of flame leaps out. It is caught by the wind. It swells in size, leaps sheer across a wide road horizontal, like some gigantic blow-lamp.

The end of the flames lick the facing building. The second building catches. . .

As I watch, fascinated, I become conscious of a roaring close at hand. I glance through the door of a darkened building beside me.

The Shower of Fire Grows Heavier

What I see there makes me catch my breath. Inside is a wide, square hall. To the left there are lifts. Ahead is a fine, wide stairway. All is lighted by great showers of sparks falling through from somewhere above. I had not known that the building was afire. The sparks now are coming down thick and fast.

A heavy pile carpet on the hall floor begins to smoulder. The shower of fire grows crazier and heavier. The carpet flames. The fire spreads to the staircase. It is like some scene from a Hollywood magnate's dream. Soon the whole staircase is ablaze.

Firemen rush to their new task. Ten minutes later there is a mighty roar. Flames burst from the roof and through the upper windows.

I turn back sickened. I make my way through the same silent crowds, hear the same muttered remark, "They'll pay for this."

Pray God they will.

LONDON'S GREAT FIRE on the night of December 29, 1940, lit up the square mile of the City almost as brightly as daylight, and seen from any point of the compass it presented such an awe-inspiring spectacle of flames, sparks and smoke as has never been seen since the great fire of 1666. The scene above could be multiplied many times over, but it bears witness to the fact that amidst all the devastation many famous buildings still stood and were even unscorched. *Photo, Planet News*

I WAS THERE!

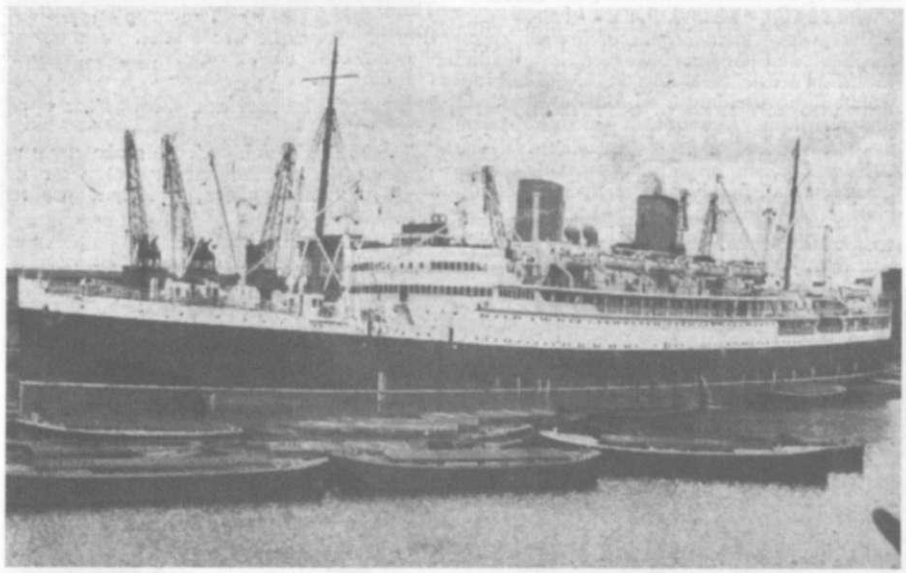
'Don't You British Women Ever Cry?'

On her way from Australia to England the "Rangitane" was attacked by a German raider in the Pacific, and sunk. After weeks of imprisonment in a German supply ship, the "Tokyo Maru," survivors were marooned on the little South Sea island of Emirau, (see page 38). Below we print some of the stories they had to tell.

"It was early in the morning of November 26, 1940," said Miss Mundie, who was returning to England after acting as an escort to a number of British children evacuated to Australia, "when the raider shelled the 'Rangitane.'

"After the first shells I was trapped in a cabin; the passage-way was filled with flames. Then there was an explosion below and heavy gas-like fumes enveloped me. My clothes began to sizzle, and soon I was naked. I tried to get out of the cabin, but the flames were too fierce. The ship was so quiet that I thought she had been deserted and I was given up as lost. You see, two other women and a man on either side of my cabin were killed.

"Then I heard someone call for help. I called out but there was no response. Another woman called for help, and I again called out. Then a man appeared beside the flames. He spoke reassuringly and led me away. I do not know his name, but he saved my life."



THE "RANGITANE," some of the survivors from which tell of their experiences in this page, was a liner of 16,712 tons belonging to the New Zealand Shipping Company. When she was attacked she had about 100 passengers on board. Survivors from six ships flying the Union Jack, and one Norwegian, were "marooned" on the South Sea island of Emirau. *Photo, Central Press*

'Jimmie Never Made a Murmur'

Mrs. Langan, another of the passengers said:

"When the raider began firing I screamed, 'Jimmie, come to me!' The cabin became full of fumes and we could not breathe. We heard the bursting of shells above us. I half carried Jimmie and his brother Brian to the lifeboat. As I did so I realized that people were being killed and injured all around me. It was not until I reached the boat that I realized Jimmie had been hit. He never made a murmur. The Germans may have been polite afterwards, but as a mother I say nothing can forgive them for injuring a child like this."

Then the Quartermaster, Mr. L. Valerie, who was at the wheel when the raider opened fire, added his contribution to what he well described as "one of the ghastliest incidents of the war":

"As soon as the sinister vessel was sighted," he said, "a radio signal was sent out advising 'raiders sighted.' Without warning the raider fired a shot which went through the steering-gear; other shells followed rapidly. Mr. Crawford, the ship's surgeon, worked under fire giving first aid to the injured. Stewards gathered the dead and injured in blankets—there was no time to get them on to stretchers—and carried them to the lifeboats. Two ship's stewardesses were killed and a third wounded. Others helped the women and children to bandage wounds and remained level-headed and cheerful. Two brothers named Stickfuss, both engine-room workers, were seen helping each other, though they were mortally wounded. Neither murmured. They died together."

Of the 46 women aboard the "Rangitane," six were killed by the raider's shells, and of the rest many were wounded, some seriously. Then for days they were half-starved and kept short of drinking-water. Yet nothing could break their spirit. "Don't you British women ever cry?" the raider's captain, said to be Count Felix von Luckner, is stated to have asked them.

Our Flight Was a Regular Nightmare

Pilots of the Bomber Command returning to their bases on the night of December 10, 1940 brought reports of icing, electrical storms, dense cloud and snow over the North Sea and Germany. The experience of one crew, narrated below, serves to show what our aircraft are often up against.

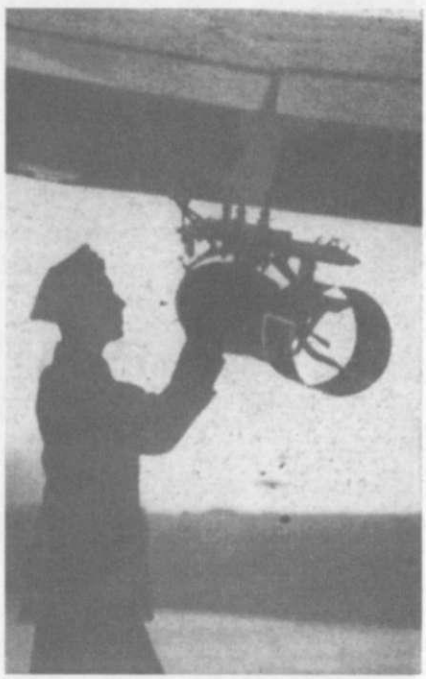
A HEAVY bomber of the R.A.F. had been detailed to attack a target in Germany. As soon as they reached the Dutch coast they ran into heavy cloud. Describing their experiences the sergeant-pilot said:

We tried to climb through it, but couldn't. We went up to 14,000 feet without getting clear. Then it started to snow, and very soon the outside of the front turret was thickly covered. The front gunner couldn't see a thing so he came out. There was snow all over the top part of his clothing. Things got worse. The airspeed indicators froze up. I asked the second pilot what he thought, and he agreed that it seemed pretty useless trying to get through.

We were about 80 miles inland and, turning, we set course for base. Ten minutes later the starboard engine started missing, then the engine failed altogether, probably because of ice in the carburettor. I decided to get rid of the bombs to lighten the aircraft. By this time we had got down to about 11,000 feet. I couldn't keep height at all, and we kept going into steep spirals, losing a thousand feet at a time with the aircraft temporarily out of control. At one time we were actually heading east again.

Six searchlights caught the machine and fastened on to us. I could hear the shells bursting underneath and to the side. Every now and then we kept going into those horrible spirals. The wireless operator was thrown across the aircraft and broke his ankle, but he got back to his wireless and kept working it. I had already told the crew to get their parachutes on, but with the front gunner injured it would have been impossible for us to have left the aircraft. We couldn't have got him out. I had a feeling at the back of my mind, too, that the starboard engine would pick up again once we got out of cloud.

The whole thing was a nightmare. I don't know how the guns missed us. With only one engine I couldn't take any evasive action. We ran slap through a balloon barrage. We were still on one engine then and I just flew on. I was sweating hot. We had dropped to about a thousand feet when the starboard engine picked up at last and so we got home.



At a bomber station "somewhere in England" final adjustments are being made to a 250 lb. bomb carried under the wing. In the background a bomber, fully laden with bombs, is taking off. *Photo, Mrs. T. Muir*

Now in the City the Noise of Crashing Walls

After the fierce Nazi fire-raid of December 29, 1940 on the City of London, demolition squads got rapidly to work and many buildings that had been rendered unsafe in the fire-devastated areas were blown away by charges of gun-cotton or pulled down. Wreckage was cleared away from world-famous streets and order restored to business thoroughfares. Masonry from a building in the process of being destroyed is here seen crashing down into the street. The building is being demolished with the aid of a mobile caterpillar crane. *Photo, T. G. Kirby, Staff Photographer, "News-Chronicle"*

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Plot to Assassinate Ibn Saud

FROM Mecca comes the news of the frustration of a conspiracy to kill King Ibn Saud of Arabia. The ringleader was Sherif Abdul Hamid Ibn Ohn, a member of the famous Hussein family and so a relative of the Emir Abdullah of Transjordania and of the Royal family of Iran. He claims descent from the Prophet Mahomet and so gained Arab clemency, his sentence to death being commuted to life imprisonment. Two of the other conspirators, who were his servants, were executed and others imprisoned. It appears that in the summer of 1939 he was in Berlin interviewing high Nazi officials. He then returned to Egypt, where he has property, but three months ago went to Arabia on the pretext that he wished to take part in a pilgrimage to Mecca. Arrangements were then made to assassinate the King during the excitement that prevails at Mecca when the city is crowded with pilgrims. Ibn Saud, who was proclaimed King of the Hejaz in 1926, signed a treaty with Britain by which, the following year, the independence of his country was recognized. He unified the Hejaz and Nejd territories under the name of Saudi Arabia in 1932. This is the second attempt to assassinate the King. The first was in March, 1935, again at Mecca, as he and his son were making the devout circuit of the sacred Kaaba.

British Honours for Polish Airmen

THE first British awards to be given to Polish airmen were made in December, 1940, when four pilots of the Polish Squadron of the R.A.F. were decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross by the Air Officer C.-in-C., Fighter Command, Air Marshal W. Sholto Douglas, at an aerodrome in the north of England. A fifth D.F.C. was awarded to a pilot who had been killed in action. After decorating the men the Air Marshal said: "The R.A.F. is proud to have its Polish comrades, whose deeds are known throughout the Air Force. I hope your Squadron will do equally well in the months to come. I look forward to the victory of our cause and to a free and independent Poland." The Polish Squadron played an important part in the defence of London in September, and between them these five pilots destroyed 44 German aircraft and severely damaged others. The officer commanding the Polish fighters is Squadron-Leader R. G. Kellett, D.S.O., D.F.C., who was leader of the R.A.F. long-distance flight to Australia in 1938. To him Poland has given her highest award for valour, the "Virtuti Militari."

FOUR POLISH AIRMEN were decorated with the D.F.C. by Air Marshal Sholto Douglas in December, 1940. Addressing the officers after decorating them he said, "The R.A.F. is proud to have its Polish comrades whose deeds are known throughout the whole Air Force."
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Medal for Brave Merchant Seamen

LLOYD'S have decided to add to their medals and, with the approval of the Admiralty and the Ministry of Shipping, intend to strike one to be awarded to officers and men of the Merchant Navy and fishing fleet in recognition of exceptional gallantry at sea in time of war. It will be known as

LLOYD'S WAR MEDAL, recently instituted to reward bravery at sea. Like Lloyd's Meritorious Medal it will be a coveted distinction amongst merchant seamen.

"Lloyd's War Medal for Bravery at Sea." The design is as follows:

Obverse. A heroic figure symbolizing courage and endurance is seated looking out over the sea, on which is seen in the distance a vessel of the mercantile marine. In his right hand the figure holds a wreath. The inscription is: "Awarded by Lloyd's."

Reverse. A trident, symbolizing sea power, is surrounded by an endless wreath of oak leaves and acorns. On a ribbon across the centre of the design is the single word "Bravery."

The ribbon is blue and silver, similar in design to that of the ribbon for Lloyd's Meritorious Medal, but with the colours reversed. The new medal is the work of Mr. Allan G. Wyon, F.R.B.S., member of a family responsible for designing all Lloyd's medals.

Japanese Anti-British Activities

IN the Japanese port of Kobe there have been anchored since the beginning of the war a number of ships ready to make for the open sea when the word is given. Among them is the liner "Scharnhorst," a 21-knot turbo-electric vessel belonging to the Norddeutscher Lloyd. A correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" reports that this ship is being fully re-conditioned below decks and that guns and other armaments have been seen. If it is true that she is being fitted out as an armed ship the Japanese Government renders itself liable under international law for any damage she may do. German prize crews have made use of both Chinese and Japanese ports for the purpose of provisioning and arming. Quite recently a captured Norwegian tanker, converted by the Nazis into a prison ship, entered Kobe harbour, discharged her prisoners, took aboard provisions and water, and steamed away without interference. In the early days of the war British ships patrolled outside Japanese ports to prevent this sort of thing from happening, but the Navy can no longer spare enough vessels for this purpose.

British Submarine in German Navy

ACCORDING to the Nazis, H.M. submarine "Seal," reported by the British Admiralty on May 12, 1940, to be overdue and considered lost, is now being used under the German flag and in the service of their Government. Foreign reports at the time of her disappearance suggested that some of the crew might be prisoners of war, but the Germans state that the entire crew were made prisoner when the submarine was taken in tow after being mined off the Swedish coast. The "Seal" was the last of the six mine-laying submarines of the Porpoise class and was completed at Chatham in 1938. Her commander, Lieut.-Commander R. P. Lonsdale, was mentioned in despatches in May for "daring endurance and resource in the conduct of hazardous and successful operations."

German Bombs on Eire

EIRE, the only neutral country associated with the British Commonwealth of Nations, was first bombed by Nazi aircraft on August 27, 1940. Germany admitted liability for this raid and it was thought that the pilot had lost his bearings. On October 21 bombs fell in open country in Co. Wicklow, injuring nobody. On December 21 bombs were dropped near Dublin, and there were two casualties. On December 29 aircraft flying over Co. Donegal and the Lough Swilly coastal forts were fired on by A.A. guns. More decisive raids were made during the nights of January 1 and 2, 1941. On the 1st the raiders flew along a 100-mile line on the eastern side of the country, apparently using the sea as a directional guide, and bombs fell in four counties. On the night of the 2nd further bombs fell in another county, Wexford, and in addition magnetic mines intended for sowing at sea were dropped near Enniskerry, in Co. Wicklow. Experts who examined the bombs were in no doubt as to the nationality of the aircraft, and at least one incendiary picked up near the Curragh, where there is not only a military camp but one for interned airmen, was definitely identified as German. The mines, which had come down by parachute, were destroyed by army engineers on January 3. It is difficult to explain the bombing of Eire as other than deliberate, for German aircraft crews are fully supplied with navigating instruments. If for some reason the bombs were being jettisoned it would be better policy to do this over the sea than to violate the neutrality of a non-belligerent country.

Pre-War Family Budget

AN inquiry carried out by the Ministry of Labour into the cost of living before the outbreak of war among manual workers and non-manual workers earning less than £250 a year provides some interesting sidelights on the family budget of fifteen months ago. It was found that the average home in the 9,000 under survey spent £4 6s. 3d. a week, of which only £1 14s. 1d. went in food. The biggest single item of this was milk, which cost 3s. 0¾d. Bread cost 2s. 8¾d., meat 2s. 8d., eggs 1s. 10¼d., and tea 1s. 7¾d. Fuel and light together were 7s. 6¼d. in the winter and 5s. 2½d. in summer. Other items were as follows:

	s.	d.
Cigarettes and Tobacco	2	6¼
Travelling	2	3
Entertainment (Cinema 10¾d. of this)	1	4¼
Clothing (woman)	2	7½
Clothing (man)	2	3¾
Clothing (children, and boot repairs)	4	4¾

If a new cost of living index figure is adopted in view of wartime prices and the new Purchase Tax, millions of workers, whose wage rates are based on the present index, will be affected and the repercussions in industry will be considerable.

They Have Won Honour in Freedom's Cause

Sergt. E. Powell, R.A.F. wireless operator and air gunner, **D.F.M.**, for 36 successful flights over enemy territory.

Flight Sergt. G. C. Unwin, D.F.M., for destroying 13 enemy aircraft and assisting in the destruction of others.

Cpl. J. M. G. Robins, W.A.A.F., M.M., for assisting wounded and rendering first aid in a bombed shelter.

Pilot Officer H. M. Stephen, D.S.O., for destroying more than 20 enemy aircraft. First D.S.O. on the Home Front.

Sergt.-Gunner W. H. Sturdy, D.F.M., for actions over enemy territory before the evacuation from France.

Chief Engineer A. H. Singleton, D.S.M., for devotion to duty during the evacuation of Narvik and Namsos.

Skipper W. H. Pollock, of Hull, D.S.C., for conspicuous service against the enemy off the French coast.

Lieut.-Cdr. S. H. 'Norris, R.N., D.S.O., for courage and resource in successful actions against Italian submarines.

Lieut. L. J. Tillie, R.N., a bar to his D.S.C., for courage and resource in successful action against Italian submarines.

Capt. E. Small, of South Shields, M.B.E. (Civil Div.), for bravery displayed during a bombing attack in the Channel.

Skipper G. Mitchell, of Brighton, a Shield of Honour, for displaying courage and devotion to duty at Dunkirk.

Staff Officer R. T. Harris, of Croydon A.R.P. Engineers' Service, G.C., for conspicuous bravery in carrying out dangerous duties.

Wolf Cub R. Newman, aged 10, Boy Scouts' Silver Cross, for saving the life of his baby brother during an air raid.

Cpl. K. F. Clements, aged 18, Boy's Brigade Cross for Heroism, for rescuing his mother and grandmother from their blazing house.

Deputy Chief Inspector T. Breaks (Fire Brigade Div., Home Office), O.B.E., for outstanding work during fire caused by enemy action.

Act. Capt. W. J. S. Fletcher, M.C., for gallantry in bombed London area. Winner of the first M.C. awarded in the Battle of London.

Capt. D. W. Cunnington of Calgary, Alberta, G.M., for displaying conspicuous bravery in carrying out dangerous duties.

Lieut. J. M. S. Patton, G.C., who, with Capt. Cunnington, dragged an unexploded bomb from an important building.

Capt. R. T. H. Lonsdale, Leicestershires, M.C., for displaying conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty on active service.

Lieut.-Col. (temp. Col.) F. S. Morgan, Royal Corps of Signals, C.B.E. (Military Div.), for courage and outstanding devotion to duty.

Aux. Fireman H. B. Neale, G.M., for helping to save two oil tanks from destruction during air raid.

Mr. C. E. Burridge, G.M., for helping to save a large gasholder from destruction. Gas was issuing under pressure.

Miss B. Quin, of Coventry, G.M., for smothering 5 bombs and digging out 7 people from a shelter.

Mr. F. R. Cox, G.M., for assisting Mr. Burridge to save a gasholder. Enemy aircraft were bombing close by.

Station Inspector Gahan, O.B.E. (Civil Div.), for courage in air raids and outstanding organizing ability.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

MONDAY, DEC. 30, 1940 *485th day*

In the Air—R.A.F. fighters on patrol shot down two Italian seaplanes over Adriatic.

War against Italy—British still shelling Bardia. On night of 29-30 R.A.F. heavy bombers raided landing-grounds at Gazala and Tobruk.

During night of 30-31 R.A.F. bombed Taranto, Naples, and Palermo harbour.

Offensive reconnaissance carried out over large area of Somaliland by S. African Air Force. Enemy bomber destroyed at Bardera.

Home Front—During day single enemy aircraft dropped bombs in East Anglia and Kent. Diving bomber machine-gunned streets of one town. No night air activity.

Greek War—Athens announced successful local operations on different parts of front. More than 1,000 prisoners taken and much material. Greeks now about 16 miles S.E. of Berat. Italian ski detachment broken up.

TUESDAY, DEC. 31 *486th day*

On the Sea—British warship reported to have sunk four Italian supply ships in Adriatic.

Five hundred survivors from ships sunk by Pacific raiders landed at Australian port.

In the Air—Bombers of R.A.F. carried out series of daylight raids on Cologne, oil supplies at Rotterdam and docks at Ymuiden. Important Rhine bridge near Emmerich, N.W. of Ruhr, also hit. Haamstede aerodrome and A.A. ship at Flushing bombed.

War against Italy—Siege of Bardia continued. British patrols now operating more than 70 miles inside Libya. R.A.F. attacked enemy troops and motor transport in and to west of Bardia.

R.A.F. raided Gubba, Assab and Danghila, Italian East Africa.

Guerilla warfare being carried out against Italians by bands of Abyssinian rebels.

Home Front—Few isolated raids by single aircraft in Kent and Essex. Passenger train in Kent attacked. No night raids.

Greek War—Greeks occupied more fortified enemy positions north of Chimara. Farther east, Italian withdrawal continued either side of Aoos river. During night fierce battle was fought in Klisura sector. Valona bombed by R.A.F. for 23rd time.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1, 1941 *487th day*

In the Air—Twenty thousand incendiaries and load of high explosive bombs dropped on Bremen during R.A.F. night raid lasting 3½ hours. Ports of Flushing, Ostend and Brest were also attacked.

War against Italy—Italian garrison of Bardia showed no sign of activity. R.A.F. bombed it during night and also raided aerodromes at Tmimi, Gazala and Derna.

During night R.A.F. carried out heavy raid on shipping in Tripoli harbour, sinking motor vessel of 10,000 tons.

Aircraft of a Rhodesian squadron bombed enemy positions at Keru, east of Kassala.

Home Front—Incendiary bombs fell at several points in Eastern England during night. Enemy 'planes were also reported over Liverpool, near a northern Midlands town and over London.

Greek War—Italians constructing new fortified positions across central Albania to provide line of withdrawal should Valona, Tepelini and Klisura fall. Fighting continued in deep snow in mountains around Skumbi valley, near Lake Ochrida.

General—Bombs fell on Eire during night, in various parts of eastern counties.

THURSDAY, JAN. 2 *488th day*

In the Air—R.A.F. again attacked Bremen, bombs being dropped on naval base, shipyards and railway station. Other aircraft attacked targets at Emden and Amsterdam.

War against Italy—Bardia subjected to very heavy air attack, both by day and night. Tobruk and Gazala were also bombed.

Hitler sent air squadrons to Italy to form integral part of Italian Air Force.

Home Front—Slight enemy day activity in some coastal districts. Violent night raid made on Cardiff, with thousands of incendiaries followed by high explosive bombs.

Greek War—In Southern Albania Greeks crossed R. Bence and advanced three miles, taking 500 prisoners. They also occupied village of Dobrenje, 18 miles S.E. of Berat. R.A.F. made successful raid on Elbasan.

FRIDAY, JAN. 3 *489th day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine "Thunderbolt" (formerly "Thetis") had sunk an Italian submarine which was on its way to occupied territory.

In the Air—R.A.F. heavily attacked Bremen for third night in succession.

War against Italy—Just after dawn Australian forces, supported by tanks, penetrated sector of Bardia defences. Navy hurled at least 300 tons of shells into the fortress. By evening British troops had penetrated centre defences to depth of 2 miles on frontage of 9 miles.

Home Front—Slight enemy activity in some coastal districts. At night Bristol was heavily raided, fire bombs being dropped more than high explosives.

German bomber destroyed by A.A. fire.

Greek War—Italian counter-attacks against mountain positions in Klisura district repulsed by Greeks with heavy enemy losses. British and Greek aircraft bombed Italian positions along whole of northern front.

General—Vichy Cabinet reorganized. Admiral Darlan made Minister of Interior; General Huntziger, Defence Minister; M. Flandin took over direction of economic affairs as well as foreign relations.

Eire had third raid in 24 hours, bombs being dropped over Dublin. Mr. de Valera sent strong protest to Germany.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4 *490th day*

In the Air—Coastal Command aircraft attacked Brest, scoring three direct hits on enemy destroyer. Two German merchant vessels bombed off S.W. coast of Norway.

Bad weather hampered night operations, but Brest and Hamburg were again attacked.

War against Italy—Italian troops occupying northern sector of defences of Bardia were forced to surrender. British patrols penetrated into Bardia itself and enemy resistance was confined to south-east zone of perimeter defences.

R.A.F. bombers continued incessant attack on enemy aerodromes in Eastern Libya.

Home Front—During day bombs fell on two S.E. coast towns. During night enemy made long series of attacks, mainly directed against a West of England town.

Two enemy aircraft shot down into sea off South coast.

Greek War—Struggle for key towns of Klisura and Tepelini proceeding, but both armies hampered by bitter winter weather. Highly successful R.A.F. raid on Elbasan.

SUNDAY, JAN. 5 *491st day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. trawler "Kennymore" and H.M. drifter "Harvest Gleaner" had been sunk.

In the Air—Coastal Command aircraft attacked shipping in docks at Brest and an enemy aerodrome.

War against Italy—All resistance at Bardia ceased and garrison surrendered. Prisoners so far captured exceeded 25,000.

Home Front—Few bombs fell during day in East Anglia. At night baskets of incendiaries were dropped over London, and some high explosives.

Greek War—Limited local actions in Albania. Greeks took over 200 more prisoners and much material.

MONDAY, JAN. 6 *492nd day*

In the Air—Coastal Command aircraft attacked three enemy merchant vessels off Norway and badly damaged one. Enemy tanker off Dutch coast received direct hit.

War against Italy—More than 30,000 prisoners captured at Bardia, and quantities of tanks, guns, equipment and stores.

British advanced elements now approaching Tobruk area, on which R.A.F. bombers made intensive attacks. Fighter aircraft destroyed 11 enemy machines and badly damaged many others.

During night of 6-7 R.A.F. heavy bombers again raided Tripoli.

Raid carried out on Massawa.

Home Front—During day bombs fell in London area, on Kent and in Eastern Counties. No enemy activity at night.

Greek War—R.A.F. again raided Valona. Greeks captured still more Italian prisoners.

OUR WAR GAZETTEER

Bardia. Libyan port, strongly fortified and a vital Italian base; 12 miles from Egyptian-Libyan frontier; on coastal road to Tobruk, 65 miles west. Captured by British on January 5, 1941.

Benghazi. Important seaport of Libya, pop. 64,000 (19,000 Italians). There is a first-class motor road between Benghazi and Tripoli. Benina aerodrome, one of the principal Italian air bases in Libya, has been repeatedly bombed by the R.A.F. Cap. of Cyrenaica.

Berat. On r. Osum, 30 miles north-east of Valona; pop. 10,000; near site of ancient Elyma; formerly exported olives and oil; the seat of a Greek archbishop. Captured by the Italians from the Austrians in 1918.

Chimara. (Himara). Albanian port on the Adriatic, 28 miles south of Valona. Captured by Greeks on December 23, 1940. It lies on the coastal road from Valona to Santi Quaranta.

Durazzo. (Durrës). Principal Albanian port on the Adriatic; pop. 9,000; the ancient Dyrrhachium; used during present Italo-Greek conflict as place of disembarkation of Italian troops.

Elbasan. Albanian town, on r. Skumbi 65 miles west of Monastir; pop. 13,000; one of the most important towns in the country; occupied by Austrians in 1916, it was recovered by the Allies in 1918.

Sidi Barrani. Sixty miles east from Bardia, on Egyptian coast. It was General Graziani's forward base in the Italian plan of campaign for the invasion of Egypt. Captured by the British on December 12, 1940.

Sollum. On Egyptian-Libyan frontier, captured by British from the Italians on December 16, 1940. **Fort Capuzzo** on Libyan side of frontier was likewise taken by British forces on December 16.

Tirana. Capital of Albania, 20 miles east of Durazzo; pop. 30,000; overlooking Rushka valley; former seat of Albanian Government.

Tobruk. Important Italian naval base on Libyan coast; Italian troops retreated to Tobruk as British Army of the Nile encircled Bardia.

Valona. (Vlone). Port on the Strait of Otranto; pop. 9,000; the independence of Albania was proclaimed at Valona in 1912; heavily attacked by R.A.F.